THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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ANTIDOTE FOR POLITICAL POISON

WE HAVE on so many occasions expressed in straightforward terms our disapproval of so many of the policies, and of the philosophy underlying the policies, of the President, that it is with a special sense of detachment from political or personal advocacy of Mr. Hoover that we desire to express our satisfaction that of late a remarkable reaction has occurred in public opinion regarding the Chief Magistrate. The turning of the tide is unmistakable. Many signs testify to its wide extent and its depth of feeling. We use the word "feeling" advisedly. For the reaction is less a matter of reason than emotion—and, in our opinion, a most commendable, healthy and desirable emotion, rising from no less a source than the noble virtue of justice. A strong proof of this fact is provided by the articles in *Collier's Weekly,* by Mr. Arthur Train, tearing into pieces, with just indignation, and with legal finality, the malicious fabric of charges against the personal character of Mr. Hoover, advanced in two recent books which have sold largely, but belong to the slimy underworld of political slander.

There are circulating, in multiform fashion, a whispered host of similar hints, innuendoes and poisoned anecdotes—but that is something of which every President, and every public man of any prominence, inevitably suffers from. Whilst such gossip—a good deal of which is merely the rather healthy Rabelaisianism with which the opponents of any political figure express their sense of defeat, or of disapproval—probably reached unprecedented proportions since the fall of 1929, when the depression which falsified the Republican promises began, the people, as a mass, laughed or passed it by. But when impudent and reckless writers actually dared to attack the elected representative of the whole nation, the chief agent of the constituted authority of a great republic now having its whole structure tested by many strains, the people revolted in sympathetic anger. That is why a journal of great circulation, such as *Collier's Weekly,* sensing the situation, as many other journals have done, knew that it would be good business to appeal to this aroused feeling of the public with its notable articles.

While we salute *Collier's Weekly* respectfully for its action, our admiration goes out to the American citizens who in such large numbers, irrespective of their political affiliations, have proven that American decency—better yet, American justice—still commands the allegiance of the people.

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We may not be living in a time of high, sensible and humane moral principles. Yet it is heartening in a high degree to witness the growth of resentment against those who so unscrupulously malign the President.

The country witnessed a somewhat similar, but even more vicious campaign of calumny in the presidential struggle of 1928, directed against Alfred E. Smith. Potentially, at least, the charges made against Mr. Smith were much more dangerous to the unity of the nation, because they tended to arouse the explosive force of religious prejudice, but at least no such malign phenomenon was witnessed in 1928 as the open circulation of books attacking the probity of Mr. Smith, as we have seen in the case of Mr. Hoover. The reaction in favor of Mr. Smith, once the public had cooled down from the political fever of 1928, was unmistakable, and will materially aid him in 1932 if he should be again nominated; and the reaction in favor of Mr. Hoover is equally pronounced, and will be of distinct advantage to him politically, this year. But the blackmailers and pedlers of the poison of lying gossip will never learn their lesson. It remains for decent, normal American people to put them in their proper places—if not in jail, where really they belong, at least in the category of the shamed, and of the defeated.

Not only in the field of politics, but in society as a whole there has been a widespread growth of the evil fungus of slander, and crapulous gossip. There are certain writers who boast of their enormous incomes who feed millions of readers and radio auditors with stuff that is the drool and drivel of frivolous personal gossip at its best, and malicious slander at the point reached by these lewd fellows of the baser sort of dollar-a-liners of Grub Street, where the next step would land them in the libel courts. That public officials and men and women who are leaders in many walks of life, should tolerate and patronize these succubi of Broadway is a certain sign of the serious degree to which American society has been degraded by the decline not only of moral standards but also the world's former standards of civilized decency.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE ILL-FATED disarmament conference in Geneva has run aground on at least three different rocks. To begin with, there is the extraordinarily serious and delicate Sino-Japanese situation. A war in the Orient is nothing very new or startling as such. Both protagonists are, however, members of the League of Nations and of the group of peoples who have signed the Kellogg treaties. Theoretically all agreements to curtail armaments and hit the peace trail repose upon the validity of the above underlying contracts. If Japan be now guilty of offense against the territorial integrity and other rights of China, what happens to the whole structure of internationalism? Either there must follow a recourse to sanctions (which the European world confronts with undisguised dread), or the treaties will define themselves as so many well-meaning scraps of paper. This dilemma has puzzled and depressed all Geneva. President Lowell of Harvard diagnosed the problem with his usual lucidity in a recent radio address. He sees that the question of applying Article XVI of the Covenant—specifying the use of virtual economic boycott against an offending power—must soon be faced in the open. No affirmative decision would be possible, however, without the concurrence of the United States, not a member of the League but the initiator of the Kellogg treaties. Upon the action taken must depend, thinks Dr. Lowell, "the future attitude of the world about war." Obviously, therefore, the position in which Secretary of State Stimson now finds himself is almost momentously difficult. His action must influence both events in the Far East and the conference.

Nothing Quiet in Geneva

A SECOND BLOW was suffered by the conference when the French Cabinet fell with astonishing suddenness. Though Paris governments change as rapidly as the weather, it is not often that an important international conference finds the parliamentarians scampering about with knives. In all probability, however, the outcome will be the reinstatement of Tardieu as the nation's representative and thus also a continuation of the same policy. Opposition to the program Tardieu has sponsored is manifestly growing throughout France, but is as yet too weak to influence the government's decision on so important a topic as armament. Meanwhile the third form of treacherous reef has appeared in the form of a statement of German demands. Essentially these are natural and calculated to do little harm. But if the ideal status of military preparedness is now that perforce arrived at by the Berlin government, it follows that everybody else should do likewise. Which is pretty much like expecting that the man who retired with satisfaction to a hut beside the road would behold all Wall Street emulating his example. Stressing the German point of view only means solidifying the French resolve to remain a better than sixteen to one bet as the chief power on the Continent. Thus the old antagonistic alignments emerge in all their massiveness, and the hopes of a poor little conference are dimmed. Yet even here the moderate point of view sponsored by the United States and Great Britain may have a conciliatory and progressive value far beyond our present knowing.

Against Direct Relief

DEFEAT of the Costigan-La Follette bill in the Senate is a bitter pill for liberal opinion throughout the United States. There was little enough doubt that the important thing about this proposal was less the amount of money—$750,000,000—asked from the federal government for unemployment relief and road building, than the principle of direct national aid for those in need. The money itself

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might have been granted, but there are two strong currents of objection to the theory: first, the tide of resistance to federal concern with what are regarded as state problems; second, the feeling that a measure of this kind would establish a possibly dangerous precedent. If Washington is to assist the needy, then there is no thinkable conclusion to the number of demands which may be made on the Treasury. Further soldiers' bonuses and even a dole were seen in the offing. We ourselves feel that, unless a miraculous improvement sets in, the principle incorporated in the Costigan-La Follette bill is bound to flourish eventually. The nation is, however, neither psychologically nor officially (bureaucratically) prepared as yet for such a venture, and so it is probably well it should not be entered into at this time. Senator La Follette's address was significant. Speaking in the vein of "old Bob," he drew a parallel with the days which led up to the French Revolution—a parallel more people have thought of and meditated upon these past two years than might have seemed imaginable in Mr. Coolidge's time. It is this drift of ideology, hardly articulate as yet, which both politician and student will observe with much interest.

A Rugged American

"LUSTY SCRIPPS," which we so far know only by reading the pretty thorough comments on it in the news columns of the papers, must indeed be one of those rare sagas of rugged American individualism which restores our faith that there are positive American traits that do persist somewhere, somehow. Ed Scripps founded the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, which, with the appendant news and feature services, is rated as the second largest in the world. It operates twenty-five newspapers which have a total circulation of over two million readers. Besides these tangible aspects of the chain, it has a generally recognized intangible asset of crusading civic service carried out sometimes even at the peril of the lives of its editors when they let in the light on particularly dark criminal organizations; and a reputation for preserving a fair balance between giving the people the news and being decent. Ed Scripps had the old Lincolnian faith in the common people, and the tradition still persists in the organization which under his philosophically inclined son, Robert, and the enterprising Roy Howard, carries on. The funny thing is that Ed Scripps always considered Joseph Pulitzer a better newspaper man than he was, because Pulitzer was able to win out once in a battle for circulation in St. Louis; whereas now, the Scripps-Howard organization recently coming into New York, has finally absorbed Pulitzer's great *World* papers, bag and baggage. Politically independent, putting more emphasis on men than on parties, the Scripps-Howard papers seem to come as close to that oft-professed but seldom realized policy of newspaperdom as is humanly possible. In the last presidential election they admitted themselves to be stumped, as they liked both Hoover and Smith, and though they finally, after putting all their reasons very honestly and sincerely on the table, found their balance in favor of Hoover, they never failed, in as far as we know, to report Smith's campaign in full, or admire editorially the cogency of his speeches, and they never countenanced any of the slandering and bigotry that was employed against Smith nor failed to attack these when they occurred.

GILSON GARDNER, who has written the present biography of Ed Scripps, was officially delegated by the "old man" to undertake the task. Trunks full of letters and documents were turned over to him, and he was assured the leisure in which to do a good job. Under the circumstances, there might be suspicion among those who do not know Gardner, that he would do a blurb biography in the vein of the saying, "There were giants in the land in those days." However, Gardner is one of the most generally liked newspaper men where he is known for reasons that would eminently fit him to do a really fine portrait: he is not sore at the world, he likes and believes in the commonality and yet he is no fool of a professional optimist: in short, he would come as close as an experienced journalist could to telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. One of the most startling revelations he makes is that Scripps who carried through to such eminent success such large and exacting enterprises, did so "drinking a gallon of whisky every day for ten years" and carrying a lighted cigar in his mouth every waking hour, and further that Scripps's rule was "never to do today what by any means he could put off until tomorrow and never to do himself what he could get anyone else to do half as well as he could do it." No less amazing is the fact that when his four-bottle-a-day régime began to seem to be bad for him, for the remaining twenty-six years until his death he cut out drinking completely and smoked only moderately. If there are copy-book maxims that can be drawn from all this, to oppose the seeming un-Oliver Optic example the above might suggest to the young, perhaps they are: don't be a window-dresser, be natural; exercise judgment on particular cases, rather than subject yourself to rigid formulas; and cultivate faith in and a liking for your fellow man.

The Police Again

THE PRESIDENT'S recommendation to the general public to glorify policemen instead of criminals, is examined in the *Forum,* in the light of the complicated facts, by Mr. Ernest Jerome Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins is a careful student of American police problems, one whose sagacious and constructive comments we have quoted before. He propounds, in effect, the question, Why was the presidential exhortation needed? Why does not the public already glorify the policeman? His answer parallels the one set forth recently in these columns as the final

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response to the misgivings about New York City's administration prompted in the thoughtful mind by Judge Seabury's disclosures. He finds, that is, that the American police are not generally glorified because they are not generally glorious; but that the fault is only incidentally theirs, and essentially and overwhelmingly the public's. The first fault of the policeman—this is *qua* policeman, not necessarily *qua* moral character—is that, in rather too many cases (Mr. Hopkins cites statistics and proportions) he is undereducated and not overly intelligent; the second fault is that he is too prone, by police tradition, to disregard the citizen's constitutional rights. The first fault of the public is that "strange dualism . . . noted by every student of the American mind," which makes us break laws right and left, refuse "willing popular assistance" to the policeman in the exercise of his duties, and then demand that, "as the visible representative of our government, he be better than ourselves": impervious to bribes, zealous for law, efficient in results. The public's second fault is its endorsement of civil service groups which act, not primarily to secure the best police material for their cities, but to give police jobs to reliable Republicans or deserving Democrats.

BUT EVEN so, continues Mr. Hopkins—even supposing that we coöperated morally with our police, and thereby ceased forcing them to use the violent and illegal expedients which too often are their only means for getting the results we exact; even supposing that all police schools were worthy of serious respect, and all examining boards non-partizan and disinterested—would that solve the problem? It would, of course, fulfill the President's behest, by making us admire and respect, if not precisely "glorify," the guardians of the law; for it is incontrovertible that "we do like policemen who hold us in line [legally, of course]—who balk our own strenuous attempt to pull them down." Witness the boost in police stock in Cincinnati, Boston, Milwaukee, to name some outstanding examples. But the sad thing is that, if it literally and everywhere came to pass that the policeman became impersonal, expert, legally informed, became "the very embodiment of the law of his city, state and nation . . . there would be a revolution"! Why? Because "we would at last be brought face to face with the inhuman restraints and unbearable oppressions and tyrannies written on our statute books." This, then, is the American public's third, and some might think greatest, fault: this peculiarly American fury for making the legal police a moral police, this *cacoethes legendi* which has given our average city "between one thousand and fifteen hundred laws under which a policeman can arrest you and send you to jail." "So there," concludes Mr. Hopkins, "is the policeman's dilemma": if he "lays off," he is officially insincere, if he "lays on," he is officially a tyrant. The "in-between course" which he naturally hits upon, has the practical value of keeping most of us out of jail, but no ideal value whatever. It is not good for us; it is very bad for him. And until the Blue crusade ceases, and the crusaders discard legal compulsion in favor of moral suasion, it will continue to be bad for him, and its badness to be reflected in his lack of glorifiable qualities. Both parts of Mr. Hopkins's remedy must be adopted: "Build up the policeman to measure with his job. Then pare down the job to fit the public's actual desire."

THE SCOPE and industry of the religious press are not sufficiently understood in America, probably be-

One Constant Preacher

cause there are many small organs of limited circulation rather than a few powerful ones. It is aggregate influence which counts, and in this case the said influence is really tremendous. To secure a bird's-eye view of the Catholic journalistic effort, one need only glance at "The Catholic Press Directory" for 1932, as compiled and published by Mr. J. H. Meier, of Chicago. For several years this little "complete list" has published everything which hard work and coaxing could unearth regarding the status of Catholic papers and magazines. It appears that there are 310 publications, ranging all the way from dailies (nine in number, eight appearing in foreign languages) to biennials. More than two-thirds of the total number are written in the English tongue, but thirteen other languages are used. The great majority of these periodicals have less than 50,000 readers, but there are some—led by *Columbia*—which have collected really large audiences. Mr. Meier is to be congratulated heartily for his diligence and interest. The fact that some information is missing, because unobtainable, is certainly not his fault but simply one among several consequences of the problematical background of the press as a whole.

PASSING furtively through the purlieus of bad art, bad actors and bad blondes, not to speak of some good

Knickknacks and Art

among them, in Greenwich Village the other evening, we were arrested by a novelty even among novelties: something new for sale in a drug store window. The show window on one side of the door had the usual fountain pens, childrens' footballs, bathing caps, cheap novels and kodak supplies; while that on the other side of the door was filled with bold, if not always brilliant, art. "These are for sale" said a hand-lettered card, and added, "This window will be devoted to a permanent exhibition of art by artists living in this neighborhood." The prices on the canvases were modest, ranging from $10.00 for a small and poorly done picture of a potted plant that was anything but well, to a large figure for a lady in ruddy health and running to weight. Not long before, we had seen about the same type of art in the new Whitney Museum, an extraordinarily beautiful and civilized building that for us had been largely spoiled by the canvases and statuary in it. Abominable

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from every rational point of view as the art was in the drug store window, the idea of such a method of selling art seemed to us to have points in its favor. We like art and artists when they are likable and we are glad to see anything done to help them along. Not all can be great—many are called, but few are chosen—and if there could be a little relaxation in artistic ambitions, a devotion to art for love of beauty, and modest neighborhood rewards accepted as adequate, we should hope for a swelling tide of art appreciation resulting from a higher average of artistic creation. Now our art world, by and large, seems to be preoccupied with being misunderstood and unpleasant, evidently from the silly convention that the great are like that and to be great one must be despised by the rest of the world; and the despite of the rest of the world is usually estimated by the unwillingness of the uptown galleries with heavy overheads in salaries and rents to speculate at an obvious loss to everybody.

Poe's Valentine

HEAVEN forfend and the saints avert that any should laugh at a man in his sorrow! He has just lost, say, his beautiful and beloved young wife; a writer touched with unmistakable genius, he has had only meager awards of praise or pay; his health is wrecked, he is ridden by poverty, his nerves, always abnormal, are one long torture, his mind is the prey of a dire melancholia. This picture, of black on black, might be out of "The City of Dreadful Night." It is an actual, literal account of how things stood with Edgar Allan Poe on February 14, 1847, and even today must exact an imaginative pang from those who can feel at all. But we may, on lawful occasions, laugh at a man in spite of his sorrow, and we may get unwounding merriment from past history as freely as from the life around us. If any of us knew a man so beset, who sat him down on the love-saint's day and penned (to a lady) a doleful little valentine, on dainty, lace-bordered paper, in which the conventional romantic despairs appropriate to the season, though politely addressed to the fair recipient, indicated nothing clearly except that the poet was low in his mind—our risibilities would rise; however gently and kindly, our risibilities would rise at the new-made widower who sent to another lady a valentine vaguely reflecting wo. That, apparently, is what Poe did sixteen days after Virginia's death, according to a discovery made here by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, who has presented the little lace-frilled opus "To Mifs Louise Olivia Hunter" for photography by the press. And we laugh, with no derision, no lessening of our compassion for the unhappy man, no feeling that *he* has proved himself unfeeling or his grief affected. Bathos, tragi-comedy, these are the common bonds of men. What was his motive—vanity, the egoism that must talk of its own trouble, or just the memory that another woman was fair? Whatever it was, it makes Poe more human.

DIET FOR CONVALESCENTS

ONE OF Frederick Baron Corvo's heroes could drink a pint of thick cream with gusto and be none the worse afterward. We mention this fairly trivial incident (which no one is required to believe) as a preparation for a few remarks concerning the financial remedies now being consumed at one fell swoop by the United States. For more than two years, not including a fairly extensive period of behind-the-scenes anticipation, the nation officially professed to believe that there was nothing essentially wrong with the economic and social terrain upon which America had battened during a decade of prosperity; that hard times, similar in every respect to other depressions, were merely a passing fit of gout from which the stout-hearted patient would in due time recover; and that the only course of treatment at all worthy of consideration was a diet of gruel to be taken in bed, with the windows shut tight, while the sick person was invited to smile whenever he decently could.

But in all sober truth, the patient nearly died. One after another his fingers, joints and muscles were atrophied; his digestion failed rapidly, so that a constant supply of new purgatives, each highly recommended, came into the market; and finally not a few of his friends were reminded of Job, and went away wondering if he could long postpone a very serious operation, or if indeed he could hope to recover from that. In other words: business and bank failures increased steadily, the price level fell to depths unplumbed before, while the consuming power of the nation dwindled, and many prophets began to wonder if the capitalistic system could really hope to avoid being merged in something else. The old-fashioned treatment had been proved ineffective—as most economists had long since foretold—and there ensued a fierce quest for a better, or at least different, physician.

This one has now appeared, with orders that the American system shall drink at a single gulp what is surely the equivalent of the biggest pint of thick cream ever poured. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, ably abetted by the Federal Reserve Bank as revamped under the Glass-Steagall law, will during the next months pour into a paralyzed credit structure enough money to render major bankruptcies almost unthinkable. Before commenting upon the nature of this measure or outlining its possible scope, it is well to consider the reasons why it was thought of. These are, in the main, two. The first was the gradual dissipation of beliefs that the depression was a normal righting of excessive inflation—that, in other words, we were coming, a little abruptly no doubt, off a dizzy perch where years of crazy speculation had settled us, and that therefore we would automatically "rebound" toward a normal economic center. The second was the destruction of the sham that protecting the gold supply was more important than safeguarding the use of gold.

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When the exponents of the theory of money first began to talk, hardly a hearing could be gained for them. There was still so much confidence in the notion that increased production could, by paying a larger part of its earnings in wages, maintain an expanding market, that the suspiciously "metaphysical" doctrines which came from the students of money seemed hardly worth considering. Doubtless some of these doctrines were extreme. It is not credit alone—not the discount rate alone—which kept the price level high during many troubled years. The public was earning, spending and buying. There was taking place an extensive displacement and replacement of older forms of goods (the automobile for the horse, the city dwelling for the partly abandoned farm) so that a genuine need for credit and labor on a grand and often prodigal scale existed. Nevertheless credit and its manipulation remained matters of paramount importance, neglect of which would soon be avenged by economic trends themselves.

Secondly, the gold supply was argued into an impossible place. Unless the world is to be much poorer and less active than it now is, currency cannot simply be the equivalent of gold. There is not enough of this to go round. Nevertheless French practice steadily tended to overemphasize the importance of metal, which was hoarded in public and private to a very surprising extent. Of course good, natural reasons existed why the French should act in this way—status of the franc, its history after 1924, and the economic organization of the country. But there was no satisfactory excuse for America's imitating their example, and though for a time a French threat to withdraw gold from New York threw Washington into a near panic, it was inevitable that the emptiness of this threat should in the end be revealed. Quite obviously no amount of gold coverage was helpful here if it meant a dangerous credit stringency, or hoarding on a grand scale. What America needed was not a currency twice safeguarded, but a banking system at least normally sound.

From both points of view, the Glass-Steagall measure and the accompanying federal legislation seem adequate in all respects. The sole criticism that can be advanced is based on the suddenness with which a remedial action that should have been undertaken gradually during a number of years is to be forced through. Yet a jolt is better than no push at all. What, then, is the new legislation designed to accomplish? Generally speaking, it must not be thought of piece by piece. The several parts cohere in a well-reasoned ensemble, at least some aspects of which deserve general consideration.

First of all, the loan privileges extended to the banks amount in principle to a one-year moratorium on first-rate security. Dwindling prices and lack of confidence have frequently left even very good banks without sufficient liquid capital to meet either the demands of frightened depositors or the requests of would-be borrowers. To raise further cash would, therefore, mean forced sale of assets not convertible at face value or anything near it. The government now proposes to recognize the borrowing value of these securities and to extend credit on them according to specially determined conditions. This decision confirms the time-honored rule that the only way to meet a run is to have plenty of cash on hand. It should halt bank failures, enable sound institutions to honor requests for credit, and convince most hoarders that their fears are antiquated.

In the second place, an enormous reservoir of new funds is created by the use of the elasticity which has always characterized, in theory, the Federal Reserve system. This reposes on the notion of money as a medium of exchange the true amount of which is to be determined by business trends, and to be controlled under a gold coverage which may vary from 40 to 100 percent. Since the gold reserves of the nation are ample enough to provide a legal coverage despite export and currency increases, the Federal Reserve can proceed to create more money by using government securities as collateral. This is the most novel characteristic of the new measures, and represents a complete alteration of administration opinion since last summer. The new money is the potential pressure which government aid to the banks can apply; and though this pressure might conceivably be used up eventually, there is little or no real danger that it will be.

The third point is that such measures necessarily possess an inflationary character. That is, they tend to create easier money and therewith more of it; and as soon as so much has been accomplished, the buying value of the dollar naturally decreases. But, as has been said very wisely, there are several fifty-seven varieties of inflation. The dire meaning now usually associated with the word comes from that baneful experience with sky-rocketing values which preceded Mr. Hoover's election. At present, however, there is no way out of the business trough excepting by some route upward. People generally are not likely to be much impressed by the word. It had long since become evident that the ordinary consumer is powerless to influence the trend of industry. He knows that what really matters is a sound use of credit resources, and he expects that those who control these profit in the future from the mistakes of the past.

One is, therefore, more than ready to welcome the measures which have accompanied Mr. Ogden Mills's début as head of the Treasury. Of course they will not solve major economic puzzles, or cure widespread business diseases. But if properly used, they may restore the American patient to enough of health to permit his thinking about his convalescence. At present he must be put on a diet. Later on, if all proceeds nicely, he may think of medicines, operations, spectacles and calisthenics. Just now it is a question of swallowing the pint of cream.

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MEXICO'S NEW RELIGIOUS CONFLICT

By CARLETON BEALS

Events ominous of renewed hostility to the Catholic Church in Mexico have, in part, been recorded by the press. The following paper comes from a man whose name few might have expected to see here. Mr. Beals, sincere in his allegiance to the old Revolution, has followed the movement step by step. What he now writes concerning the position and experience of the Church may therefore seem a change of position. But is it? The reader may judge. While we preserve the right to differ with some statements, we are convinced that this ranks among the most important of COMMONWEAL *articles.—The Editors.*

SEVEN thousand feet above the sea in the Anáhuac Valley in Mexico towers the rose-colored temple of the Virgin of Guadalupe, or as she is known to the Indians, the Virgin of Tepeyac. At the foot of terraced Tepeyac hill, the Mother of Christ first set foot four centuries ago, on the American mainland, appearing in a vision to the humble Indian, Juan Diego. Gradually her cult outrivaled all others, for Guadalupe is preëminently the symbol of Mexican religious unity. Her worship was grafted on to that of the native goddess Tonantzín; so to the Indians, it came to represent ritualistic continuity; to this day, they dance in their bright kirtles and feather head-dresses before the high altar of Scotch granite, where is kept the precious cotton *tilma of* Juan Diego, miraculously stamped with her image. More than any other saint, Guadalupe represents the union of the divergent races and classes of Mexico: she was chosen by Hidalgo in 1810 to lead the Independence hosts to victory.

Five miles away, in the same Anáhuac Valley, and facing the great central colonial palace in the heart of Mexico City, sprawls the massive National Palace. It was built on the site of the former Aztec imperial palace, and for many years after Cortez set its heavy stones in place was known to the conquered Indians as the "New House of Cortez." Constructed with heavy bastions, moats and thick walls to stand indefinite siege, it became a grim symbol of political unity imposed by armed force. Only iron men could enter there and hope to hold it against contenders. The long-term viceroys were iron men. Juárez, the Zapotec Indian, who made the Reform: Díaz, who undermined the Reform; and Calles, who reinstated the Reform, have been the iron men of Independence. Each in his stern way has attempted to create a unified Mexico.

Rarely have the National Palace and Guadalupe looked upon each other with friendly eyes; their purposes and methods have been too widely divergent; and they have been eternal rivals in the struggle to rule the country. Both are symbols of power; both are symbols of Mexican unity; but they are antithetical, antagonistic, for the most part always have been antagonistic. Out of the seesaw between them have sprung Mexico's most bitter feuds. Probably more blood has been shed in Mexico over religion than any other single cause. To save religion Iturbide seized the Independence movement. Anticlericalism played a large part in his overthrow. The whole fantastic period of Santa Anna, of bloody revolution and counter-revolution, was woven through with religious hatreds. The 1855 Ayutla Revolution, the Reform wars, the French intervention, were basically religious conflicts; and the two years of armed strife during Calles's administration, were as intolerant and as barbarous religious strife as Mexican history reveals.

In view of this long record and the harsh passions aroused, Morrow's 1929 settlement could be no more than a truce. It proves a short truce. Again the conflict has burst into open flame. The new spark was set off in the state of Vera Cruz by Governor Tejeda. Tejeda was Minister of Interior under Calles; he provoked and handled the former controversy, which led to the shutting down of the churches and bloody warfare in five states. Tejeda, a charming man personally, is one of the most rampantly radical governors in Mexico, obviously a sincere idealist. His bête noire is the Catholic Church. During the previous conflict he kept on his desk an obscene clay caricature of a priest. And when President Portes Gil, under pressure from Morrow, screwed up his face wryly and made the church settlement, Tejeda protested violently; for a few days threatened armed revolt.

Earlier this year Tejeda had the legislature pass the most drastic law yet invoked against the Church, limiting the number of priests to one for every 100,000 inhabitants, i.e. thirteen for the entire state. Bishop Guizar y Valencia of the Vera Cruz diocese pointed out in *La Prensa,* October 12, that the state has five bishops, leaving only eight priests for 1,376,000 inhabitants. Allowing two priests for each diocese except his own, he would be left with one priest for 300 churches in an area of 25,000 square miles and an 800,000 population. The law provoked bombings, church burnings, even an attempt to assassinate Tejeda.

October 12, Archbishop Leopoldo Ruíz y Flores, in an open letter to the hierarchy, declared that the Church did not permit the clergy to resist present legislation by force. But Catholic and Jacobin elements in Tlapaoyán, Vera Cruz, engaged in bloody battle (October 17, 18); the mayor and twelve others lost their lives. State officials intimated this rioting had been instigated by priests; but in a pastoral letter, October 24, Bishop Guizar y Valencia explained that the Vatican had ordered that "neither the episcopate nor the clergy can take part in armed movements."

The Church was already alarmed over various state laws restricting the number of priests; one to 15,000 in

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Guerrero; one to 10,000 in Oaxaca. In Tabasco, as early as 1925, Governor Tomás Garrido required all priests to marry, as he put it, "to legalize their children." All *sacerdotes* abandoned the state, among them Bishop Pascual Díaz, now Archbishop of Mexico, a canny and powerful personality with Jesuit training. But since Morrow's settlement, no important new punitive legislation had appeared until the very extreme Vera Cruz law. Alarm ran like a flame through Catholic ranks. Yet the Church went ahead planning the most magnificent religious celebration in Mexico's history—the four hundredth anniversary of the Guadalupe apparition on December 12. The holy temple was revamped, new marble imported, special music arranged, the largest pipe-organ in the Western hemisphere installed, Indian dancers were invited from remote hamlets. A hundred thousand foreign pilgrims were expected; from Mexico, perhaps a million.

The government cast around for a counter-spectacle, and chose to celebrate November 20, the date Francisco Madero set, in his 1910 "Plan" of San Luís Potosí, for revolt against the dictator, Porfirio Díaz. Heretofore, the Obregón-Calles "Revindicating Revolution" had looked askance at all political predecessors. Madero's revolution had been called a namby-pamby reform. But now, all the revolutionary chiefs since Díaz's overthrow were gathered into the national pantheon: Madero, Carranza, Zapata (whom Carranza had killed); and a mammoth procession was planned for November 20, two weeks before the Guadalupe celebration. The government, however, was bankrupt; a military parade was expensive, requiring time, mobilization and the purchase of new uniforms. Formerly Calles might have staged a labor parade, but having smashed the labor organizations, this was no longer possible. And so the physical education department was called upon; tens of thousands of children were turned out to march in bloomers and trunks. Several thousand members of the national charro association turned out with fine prancing horses and ornately embroidered leather costumes. The parade had the advantage of representing the supposed rational and enlightened program of the government in contrast to the mediaeval and superstitious practices of the Church. Ironically, a few days later the university had to abolish its physical education department for lack of funds.

Despite the fact that various bands of foot-pilgrims, during the weeks prior to the Guadalupe celebration, were molested and turned back by local authorities, the Church put on much the better show. The Indians drifted in by hundreds of thousands. The night before December 12, they were sleeping packed tight as sardines, in blanketed rows, whole families, in the atrium, the plazas, the sidewalks, the Tepeyac hill paths, even in the streets. All the following day, a train of autobuses and cars moved at snail's pace in and out of the little suburb. People's clothing was torn half off getting in and out of the jammed temple; numbers were seriously injured. Bright were the Indian dancers in brilliant colored tunics, feathers, queer masks. They filed up and down from the three crosses of Calvary on Tepeyac hill. Their queer jig steps, to the tune of armadillo guitars and violins, retold, in pictorial form, the tragedy of a vanquished race that still finds its major solace in the bosom of the Church.

The Church made two mistakes. It set aside special hours for its organ concerts and charged fancy prices. Despite the terrific jam, it ringed off most of the interior temple seats for the favored.

Government ire soon broke. Calles fired the army staff band, famed all over the world, for having played *mañanitas* without permission. The revolutionary blocs of the Chamber and Senate went into joint sessions featured by heated and extravagant oratory.

The *pièce de résistance* of the fireworks was the 220-pound Gonzalo N. Santos, President of the Chamber, a well-known gunman and bully, who during the 1928 trial of Toral and Mother Conchita, assassins of Obregón, led an armed mob of deputies into the courtroom to threaten the prisoners, the defense lawyers, the judge and the jury with death, unless a verdict of guilty were rendered. Gonzalo N. Santos, who has each of his children blessed by a priest, in an impassioned speech against "the masked mercantilists of Guadalupe," bitterly attacked *Excelsior* (Mexico City's leading daily) and its radio service (which had disseminated the Gudalupe sermons and music) for playing up to Guadalupe celebrations in its columns, and for its alleged annual 30,000-peso subsidy from Minister of Finance Montes de Oca. It was decided, henceforth, to exclude *Excelsior* reporters from all proceedings.

Santos went on to consider the rumor that the Church had circulated in private homes that Calles had donated 10,000 pesos toward the cost of the organ (his wife donated 300 pesos). This was a lie, claimed Santos; the Church had had "no difficulty in winning over Emperor Iturbide, because he was born in its breast; . . . no difficulty in winning over Santa Anna, or Porfirio Díaz, dominated by the aristocracy, by skirts [referring to the Catholic influence of his wife Doña Carmen], by perfumes, . . ." but the Church would never win Calles over, because "he was born in the revolution, was raised in the revolution, and will die in the arms of the revolution"—a rather sinister prophecy in Mexico!

The Michoacán deputy, Soto y Reyes demanded a stricter enforcement of the law prohibiting the clergy from engaging in political propaganda, and produced a circular signed by Archbishop Leopoldo Ruíz y Flores, which called upon the faithful to work for the revision of the religious laws. Other deputies pointed out that in Guadalupe, under the guidance of the clergy, Catholic elements had laid plans for a clerical party to work for the same ends.

Purge the government of clerical elements!—was the next cry. Soto y Reyes and Altamirano urged the for-

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mation of a "National Committee for the Defense of the Revolution"—subsequently accepted—to eliminate all but simon-pure revolutionaries. Deputy Salazar offered to provide a long list of members of the Knights of Columbus occupying important government posts. The immediate aftermath of this proposal was a personal attack on Senator Eleazor del Valle from Oaxaca for having decorated his house with papal blue and pink for Guadalupe day. . . . He had done it to please his wife, his own "revolutionary" convictions were beyond reproach. . . . After enduring various insults to the effect that his wife wore the pants, he was expelled from the National Revolutionary bloc. The following day, Governor López Cortés of Oaxaca was given a vote of censure for having permitted his wife to take a prominent part in the Guadalupe festivities. (The revolution does not include rights for women; a woman's suffrage project had been voted down a few weeks previously.)

It was voted to change the name of Guadalupe to Gustavo Madero (brother of the President assassinated by Huerta in 1913); the fashionable San Angel suburb was rechristened Alvaro Obregón, to make it feel less saintly and more "revolutionary"; Guadalupe boulevard was changed to Flores Magón, after the martyred syndicalist. Resolutions were also adopted, calling on the government to transform the Guadalupe temple into a museum and remove the pipe-organ to the National Theatre for popular concerts. And the following blanket resolution was adopted:

> We energetically censure the attitude of the Mexican clergy in continuing to exploit our humble classes by means of a farce—from every point of view unworthy—of a supposed apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe . . . and in opposition to the revolution.

Congress then insisted: that the Secretary of Interior make known if he authorized the use of the Guadalupe basilica, "which is national property," as a means of exploitation, for the holding of "paid concerts as in a theatre"; that the Secretary of Education make known the program he is following or intends to follow to rid the children of fanaticism and to divulge the revolutionary creed, even in the remotest parts of the country; that the President purge the public administration of clerical elements, "since the actual government should be a revolutionary government served by revolutionaries"; that the Secretary of Finance withdraw his subsidy of 30,000 pesos a year to *Excelsior*; that the Secretary of Communications properly control radio transmission so that "the continuance of clerical campaigning by this means" be stopped.

The real climax, however, was the adoption of a law limiting the number of priests in federal districts and territories to one for every 50,000 inhabitants. This means only one or two priests for all Lower California, and but twenty-four for Mexico City, with over a million population; and the closing of at least 304 of the 328 churches in that center. In addition, the proviso of the Morrow pact that priests would be registered with municipal authorities by their ecclesiastical superiors, is now abrogated, since the new law requires each priest personally to petition the authorities regarding the particular church in which he wishes to exercise his cult. Also, he is prohibited from officiating in any other edifice. This means that priests cannot visit remote villages of their parishes where no regular priest can be maintained, because of the law and the poverty of the peasants; it also means that in such villages, churches cannot remain open.

Archbishop Díaz immediately sent a communication to the President, which Minister of Interior Téllez forbade the papers to publish, protesting against the law and arguing that the impassioned deputies were not only enemies of the Church, but at bottom, enemies of the government and the revolution. Nevertheless, the President signed the law.

Mexican politicians, like their brethern in other countries, delight in killing many birds with one stone. Other deputies than the expelled Senator Eleazor del Valle decorated their homes; other wives of high officials attended the Guadalupe ceremonies; the rabid Gonzalo N. Santos meticulously has his children baptized; the children of rabid anti-Catholic officials are almost invariably secretly married by the Church; Calles's own wife contributed to Guadalupe day. But for some time, a move has been on foot to break López Cortés's hegemony over Oaxaca. He and a leading senator were therefore publicly punished. The attack made on Montes de Oca, Sánchez Mejorada, the Chief of the Central Department, and the Chief of Police also obeyed ancillary motives. The men in question (except the Chief of Police) had achieved their posts by pure merit, not by playing politics; they have never participated in the bang-the-pan activities of the National Revolutionary party; their good jobs should be held by bona fide politicians.

Sure enough, off came the head of the Chief of Police; but the politicians nevertheless had to swallow gall and wormwood: the job went to one of the many relatives of President Ortíz Rubio, most of whom are already holding fat government posts; so that the government, instead of becoming the exclusive property of the National Revolutionary party, is increasingly becoming a family fief of Ortíz Rubio and Calles.

But whatever subsidiary motives are involved, this new offensive against the Church has torn the Morrow truce to shreds. That compact specifically gave the pro-Catholic elements the right to work through legal channels to modify the religious laws. But with elections, run by machine-guns, in which only official and hence anticlerical elements can be elected; in a Congress 100 percent officially controlled, without a single voice of opposition, with the suppression or intimidation of all except the official subsidized press, any such possibility is chimerical. The Mexican government is a closed-corporation dictatorship which has never had any intention of letting Catholic noses through the

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door. And a further spur to anti-Catholicism has been the exaggerated, almost ignorant, frenzy of nationalism which has swept Mexico during the past two years.

Undoubtedly the Church was temporarily well beaten, both in the previous conflict and in the subsequent Morrow settlement. Today, the government faces a different problem than a few years ago. An economic crisis is on. Like most countries, Mexico has balanced its budget only by most rigid economies, special retroactive and unjust taxes, and a retroactive monetary law, which confiscated a large percentage of all gold credits. But though next year's budget is the lowest in ten years, there is little guarantee that Mexico will be solvent at the end of the year. A further unsettling of productive enterprise at this moment, with extra heavy drains on the treasury for facing Catholic disturbances, might prove very serious. Mexican conditions can only improve when the international situation is straightened out.

Furthermore, the Church is better organized and disciplined than a few years back. Deputy Genaro Vázquez Gómez, ex-Governor of Oaxaca, has charged that a "Catholic front" is now "perfectly organized in combat zones throughout the country." This exaggeration should not be taken too literally; but while the Church took its control over the masses for granted, after Calles's aggressive anti-clerical drive from 1925-1929, it suddenly woke up to the realization that its very life was imperiled. It also lost ground during the period over which it closed up its churches in protest. Hence, after the Morrow settlement, while the ecclesiastical authorities went back to work quietly and leaned over backward, accepting various overt humiliations to keep peace with the government, the priests returned to their parishes, filled with secret bitterness and charged with a crusading zeal quite unusual. They set out to win the Indian masses in a closer, more compact and definite alliance.

And the Church has made real progress with the peasants of the south. The old militant Zapatista movement has acquired a Catholic tinge—and here are the best *guerrilleros* in all Mexico.

How could this happen? With Independence, the social status of the *mestizos,* men of mixed blood, was definitely raised. Prior to then, they had formed the rural mainstay of the Church, most rural priests being *mestizos.* But in 1810 this group abandoned the Church for the rifle, became revolutionaries, small ranchers, politicians and ultimately rulers of the state. Their places were largely filled by Indians trained in Catholic schools. Independence, for a time controlled by the Church and the Creole (white blood) proprietors, in the long run menaced the Church's position. Nevertheless, despite the waning of its political power, it gained a greater hold on the masses than perhaps during the colonial period, when it had unlimited political backing. The new use of Indian priests furthered this. Again, with a new intelligence, born of adversity, the Church is regaining lost ground, assiduously recapturing lost positions; and has been winning its way among militant elements previously controlled completely by the government.

A liberal agrarian lower-class race movement, completely pro-Catholic, appeared in Mexico long before the present time. Manuel Lozada—the so-called bandit of the Sierra of Nayarit, who for decades was an independent power, at one time threatening the whole country with a general race war—was ardently Catholic and pro-peasant; he favored distribution of land to the Indians; but being Catholic, he was at constant war with Comonfort, Juárez and Lerdo, and supported the Empire of Maximilian, who gave him his sword.

The Calles régime, attempting to bury its agrarian problem without ever having properly settled it, having crushed bona fide peasant groups to create a servile officially-controlled group, has completely disrupted the peasant movement, which is now broken up into many factions. The Catholics have not been idle. Many militant peasant groups are now thoroughly permeated with Catholic influences, in direct proportion to the degree to which the government has successively cut its popular roots.

The government, now seized by Calles, is threatened with increasing criticism for its dictatorial acts, for the failure of its agrarian program, for the robbing of large haciendas by favored officials, for its destruction of foreign-owned industry without having successfully promoted native industry, for its destruction of the labor movement. Part of the present frenzy against the Church is undoubtedly due to the desire of the government to throw dust in the eyes of its own followers, to blind them to the failure of its more legitimate promises. The previous church struggle, despite hardships for the country, solidified Calles's political position, made him the central pivot of the revolutionary maelstrom, unified his group, staved off military schism among his own followers. He beat the Church before, probably feels he can do so again. It is an old device —one which Díaz twice used. Calles again raises the bogy of Papalism to obscure deeper issues.

But to arouse such passions is dangerous play, and above all at the present moment in Mexico. Already the anticlerical agitation has been seized by elements within the régime interested in fomenting a new bloc to break Calles's single-handed control. For purely political reasons they are advocating more rabid measures than Calles may wish to back, but which may mean his downfall if he does not carry them out.

Unless the fire is promptly quenched, the political outcome of a new Catholic war in Mexico at this moment represents three possibilities: Calles, in the turmoil, will further destroy civil liberties and rivet his iron control; a Robespierre faction will overthrow the Calles Dantón faction; or a definite counter-revolution will be stirred into successful life. The last would undoubtedly precipitate a new and devastating revolutionary period.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY FAMILIES

By EDGAR SCHMIEDELER

IN THE earlier days of what might be called the Catholic Rural Life Movement, the present writer made a comparative study of rural, town and city life. There was one conclusion resulting from his research that stood out in bold relief over and above all others. It was this: Rural life excels all other life in that it is a genuinely domestic life. In other words, the country rather than the city is the natural habitat of the family. Subsequent observations have but served to impress this truth the more indelibly upon his mind, even to convince him that it would be extremely difficult artificially to plan a setting for family life more satisfactory than that which the farm naturally provides.

It can hardly be denied that by occupation, by location and by other circumstances, the rural home is the classic example of togetherness, of co-living, and that it provides the widest scope for the normal functions of the family. Nor can it well be questioned that these very circumstances that are so favorable to the family in the country are in great part lacking in the city, while many features peculiar to urban life militate against the fulfilment of the family's primary functions and even against the integrity of the home itself.

No matter how modern or sophisticated we may be, we must recognize the truth of the trite old saying: "What the family is, such will society be." Only the slightest thought, therefore, given the basic importance of wholesome homes to any satisfying scheme of society, makes impressive indeed the sorry contrast between the country and city as abodes for family life.

Nor is society at large the only gainer from a vital home life. It also redounds to the good of the individual and of the nation. To the individual it brings satisfactions that nothing else can take the place of; to the nation it brings stability—a constancy and balance quite in proportion to the family's own durability and integrity. More than that, flourishing families bring to the nation assurance of continued existence. It is perhaps from this highly important viewpoint that we see more graphically today than from any other the unenviable position of a highly urbanized country, the preëminence of an agricultural economy.

In the case of our own youthful nation, the rural family still shows a vigorous vitality; the urban already shows unmistakable signs of decay. Our city families are far less prolific than are those of the country. The evidence of this is abundant and conclusive. Its main conclusion could be summed up in this one simple, significant statement: if our country today depended solely upon its urban population, it would be on the highway to speedy decline. The following brief data should suffice to substantiate the statement.

In American cities of population of 100,000 and upward, there are 292 children under five years of age for every 1,000 women between fifteen and forty-four years of age. In cities ranging from 2,500 to 100,000, there are 341 children under five for every 1,000 such women. In other words, the number of young children in all our cities of 2,500 and upward combined is considerably below the estimated minimum for even a stationary population; that is, 368 children under five years of age for every 1,000 women between fifteen and forty-four. On the other hand, the number of children under five years for every 1,000 women between fifteen and forty-four in rural villages and towns smaller than 2,500 is considerably above the minimum requirement for a stationary population, namely, 472; for farm residents it is still higher, namely, 545 instead of the required 368. In spite of the fact that city populations are grouped around the productive ages of life (fifteen to forty-four) and that country populations have a disproportionate number of young children and old people, the birth rate is much higher in rural than in urban groups. The latter, in fact, are not even reproducing themselves.

Such facts, of course, can bode little good to a nation that is already more than half urbanized. Nor are they less significant in the case of the Church, which has four-fifths of her population concentrated in those destructive modern whirlpools, our highly industrialized cities. It is obvious that this ominous population decline is a symptom of a deformation of the family itself. Instead of a union of parents and children, the institution is becoming a mere union of husband and wife, of man and woman. The traditional domestic group tends to disappear under the circumstances, and the family that remains is something quite different from what it was in an earlier day. The orthodox traditional family, if not even the domestic institution itself, hangs in the balance. Only too frequently is the ultimate result of the childless family the broken home.

This but suggests another of the more glaring differences between the urban and rural family situation—the greater number of disrupted homes in the former. Statistics on divorce—not to mention the many homes disrupted by separation or desertion—yield an abundance of objective evidence that shows that the greater number of disintegrated homes are found in the cities. Not only in the United States but also in many other countries does the data invariably show a divorce rate higher in urban than in rural populations. Space will hardly permit citation of even the most representative evidence here, but the totality of the data at hand leaves not a particle of doubt as to the greater stability and integrity of the rural as contrasted with the urban family. This has, in fact, become a commonplace with students of society.

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An altogether logical inference from the foregoing is this: there are also many more partially disorganized homes in the city than there are in the country. The totally disintegrated or broken home is after all but an outgrowth of the partially broken one or the so-called disorganized family. Neither, of course, is an ornament to society or an honor to a nation. Both fail in the performance of their major duties. The difference between them is mainly one of degree. While the disorganized family may indeed still hold together in some sort of fashion, it limps noticeably when it comes to the training of children. The latter task demands integration on the part of the group members. It demands togetherness, companionship, specific situations within the family circle in which the child can constantly be shown what is right and what is wrong—all things that only the closely knit family group can satisfactorily provide. And such groups are found in the country rather than in the city. It might be well to observe here, for instance, that our juvenile delinquency is an urban and not a rural problem.

The above broad outline of the picture must suffice. To continue the contrast further would only be to enumerate a host of other differences between urban and rural families. From whatever viewpoint we take the two groups, whether as a union of husband and wife or as a union of parent and child or as an institution for the procreation and education of children, we are invariably forced to recognize that in general the rural family is more stable and more efficient than the urban.

When one stops to inquire into the specific reasons for these differences, one finds indeed a multiplicity of factors involved. In the case of the rural and urban difference in birth rate, for example, one finds such diverse factors as the religious and the economic, age of marriage, and such like. Very frequently, of course, the different factors work hand in hand. There is no question, for instance, that the element of religion—or the absence thereof—is playing a notable part here. The traditional Christian attitude toward the family institution has always been that its primary purpose is the begetting and rearing of children, not, for example, the convenience or selfish pleasure of the parties to the contract. This attitude in an adulterated form is found more extensively among rural than among urban people today. Furthermore, there is the fact that it is in the city rather than in the country that one finds the religious free thinker or indifferentist, as well as the radical in the fields of marriage and sex.

There can be little doubt, either, that the economic is a factor helping to explain the difference in birth rate between the city and country family. In the former an additional child also means considerable additional expense. For years he remains a liability. In the latter the expense is considerably less, and in a few years the newcomer begins to add to the family income. He becomes an asset to the home. Or again, it is in the city rather than in the country that one meets the social climber who prefers to use his economic ability for the promotion of his own interests rather than for the rearing of a worthy posterity.

Furthermore, there is the age of marriage. The fact that marriages take place at a relatively earlier age in the country than in the city also helps to explain the higher rural birth rate.

Most outstanding, however, is the fact that the practice of the artificial limitation of families appeared and spread earlier in the cities than in the country districts. It is undoubtedly this fact that is primarily responsible for the sharp curve downward in the birth rate during the past decades in the highly urbanized countries. Economic, religious and other factors are subsidiary to this one far-reaching cause.

The factors that are responsible for the greater extent of family disorganization and disintegration in the city are not far to seek, either. Thus the lowering birth rate itself is significant here. In some cities, for instance, childlessness played a part in as high as 80 percent of the grist of the divorce mills. As might well be expected, it gets to be a tiresome and monotonous pull for a couple as the years go on if they have only their selfish selves to be interested in. But there are other causes, too. For instance, there is the fact that urban populations are more heterogeneous than are those of the countryside. In all likelihood this greater heterogeneity implies a greater number of "mixed" marriages, that is, marriages with greater and more dissimilarities on the part of the marital mates. And these dissimilarities lead to disharmony and disagreement, to disturbed familial relations.

Again, there is the twofold consideration that family traditions are weaker in the city than in the country, while at the same time the social pressure that might help uphold the traditions that remain is less influential in the former than in the latter. Hasty marriages, too, are more common in the city than in the country; and marrying in haste is a prolific source both of repenting at leisure and of broken homes.

Still more significant, however, is the fact that the ties—economic, industrial, recreational and others—that go so far in binding group members together wherever they make their influence felt, show much greater vitality in rural than in urban families. It is in the country rather than in the city that family members work, play and eat together day by day, that their industrial, economic and recreational interests are similar if not identical, that their efforts center in one great cooperative effort that has for its common purpose the general welfare of the entire group rather than the particular good of the individual member. The whole situation makes for a community of feeling and thinking, of joy and of sorrow, of love and of sympathy. It produces like-mindedness and like patterns of conduct. It builds sound families, and it erects stable homes.

Such are at least a few of the factors that help to explain the contrast between the country and city

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family, to explain why the ties between husband and wife and those between parents and children are stronger in the rural family than in the urban, why the most important family functions, the procreation and education of children, are performed more efficiently in the rural than in the urban home, why the rural family institution is more highly organized and less disintegrated than is the city family institution.

We have referred to the contrast itself as a sorry one, and it is all of that. Certainly there is little in it that flatters urban civilization. Yet we go on trumpeting its vaunted progress to the sky. Will we continue to do so, or will we halt before it is too late? To check the drift from country to city might not be fascinating, but it would be exceedingly wise. Will we try to stem the tide, or even to reverse the current? Or will we keep on drifting downward? These are momentous questions.

CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION

By WILHELM STAPEL

THERE is no other form of vital activity that so adequately characterizes the present biological condition of European humanity as organization. The first reaction of the European spirit to any menace to the physical well-being of the citizen or to the public peace is to organize or to reorganize. Plague and pestilence still devastate the world—well, we must effect a more thoroughgoing organization of preventive sanitary measures in general, and more particularly we must ensure: firstly, an extension of the contributory schemes for medical insurance; secondly, an increase in the number of qualified medical practitioners; and thirdly, increased facilities for medical research. Then we feel we can proceed to deal with the situation without difficulty. Bloody war continues to rage over the earth; therefore we must (I am quoting the words of an eminent theologian) "organize the world conscience against war."

The League of Nations is, in the phraseology of modern European thought, the first hopeful step in that direction; in due course we shall no doubt garner in the fruits of this development. Hunger still stalks through the lands—surely this is simply the consequence of defective economic organization. As for death—well, death cannot be eliminated; but it can be deferred. By means of better organization of all conditions of life it should be possible to ensure that all persons (if any) who continue to be born shall be guaranteed against death from sickness, war and hunger, and be assured of succumbing gently to senile decay. For that the achievement of senility should be assured to every person born into the world would be the supreme fulfilment, the realization of the holiest right of modern European humanity. It was solely in order that this high aim might be realized that nature produced man at all, and toward the close of the Tertiary Period (in which we now find ourselves) launched human progress.

The four angels of the Apocalypse are the sons of chaos; they must yield their supremacy to the advance of ordered organization. The opposite of the Apocalyptic end of the world is progress *ad infinitum*; and organization is, therefore, the condition and the means of progress. Hence the profound metaphysical connection between progress, philosophy and zeal for organization. The organizer is the priest of the believer in progress.

It may, of course, be presumed that man has always been an organizing animal; as early at any rate as the times of the beehive tombs and the pyramids. And the great migrations of peoples cannot have been carried through without a measure of organization, although they were not lacking in a certain charming disorganization. A measure of disorganization always signifies a state of receptivity to the divine, an invitation to the free play of destiny, opportunity for genius. At the other extreme we have that crassest symbol of hopelessness, the psychological laboratory, which is the quintessence of the spirit of organization. All the German wretchedness of our times results from too much ordering, from overorganization. This harsh incrustation of order stifles all spontaneous life that cannot be legislated for in advance. But organization was always the subordinate factor, which occurred in so far as it was necessary. The super-individual forms of vital activity of the middle ages were not organizations but institutions. The Church is an institution, and so is the State. Cities with their senates and corporations, their guilds, mysteries, orders, brotherhoods, universities, theatres, etc., are also institutions. These forms of vital activity are not organized; they are instituted.

The essence of the institution is that it lays down a special rule, and its system of justice is the most important thing for it (sociologically); the essence of the organization on the other hand is that it represents a special interest; its most important function is to give effect to that interest. The institution has an order of law, the organization an order of interests, as its starting point. The institution has a charter of incorporation, the organization has a program. The organization may also have a charter of incorporation, it is true, but this is a pure formality necessary for its inclusion in an incorporated state. The spiritual bond of the institution is the rule of law, that of the organization is fellowship. There is a distinction between him who has been placed outside the pale of the law, the outlaw, and him who has been expelled from the organization, the boycottee. The aims of institutions are justi-

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fied of themselves; they rest upon a metaphysical basis. Organizations, being based upon interests, cannot have aims that are justified of themselves; their aims have to refer to some common goal, in the achievement of which they "collaborate." The institution is able to dispense with human progress without bad conscience; not so the organization; else how shall it maintain its self-respect? Organizations keep alive by means of optimism.

The spirit of the age, consciously progressive and optimistic, marches toward the future: the Dawes Plan was a step forward, the Young Plan was a step forward, the agreement with Poland is a step forward, a remarkable and entirely unprecedented series of progressions. Now the nature of this spirit of the age is to convert all institutions into organizations; for what else does Socialism aim at but the conversion of the institutional state into an organization through which all "interests" may receive equal satisfaction?

Law (*Das Recht*) as a specific phenomenon is no longer allowed; the question is asked: what is "law" (*Recht*)? And it is deduced from an "interest of society" that the anti-social person shall be educated to become a useful member of the organization. The spirit of the age is operating even in religion. A phenomenon characteristic of present biological conditions is the Salvation Army. In German we call it *Heilsarmee,* an all too colorless rendering; it should be *Erlosungsarmee,* for then only do we perceive that, to make such an organization possible, the idea of *Erlosung* (salvation or redemption) had to be degraded to a moral significance. An army for the betterment of humanity. In the "ecumenical movement" also we may detect certain evidences of the passion for organization: the aim is a head organization. But through religion the churches have greater immunity than states against infection with organization. That is why, together with monarchy, the Church is most odious to the spirit of the age.

We may observe the same development in art. This is conceived as being fundamentally nothing but an "interest," that is to say, an interest of those persons whose needs it satisfies. The matter has but to be approached from the point of view of marketing instead of from that of quality, and an organization immediately comes into being.

Thus entirely new organizations have emerged through the manipulation—pardon the word—of the book-reading interests. We, do not, as formerly, turn to the author but to the consumer. The question is: what are the requirements of the reader? We seek to satisfy these requirements by searching the authors for serviceable material. The consumer thus becomes the determining factor, and the creative writer sinks to the position of an official of the consumers' organization, the lending libraries or book clubs. In the end, writers will have no option but to follow the example of those who devise "creations" and to determine the seasonal fashions with the managers of the organizations: the spring-book fashion and the Christmas-book fashion. Publishing firms also are beginning to rationalize their business, that is to say, to determine their policy by considerations of what is the safest market. You ascertain what sells, make a scheme of your requirements to keep the business going, and endeavor to secure suitable material. The final stage of the process will have reduced the writer to the position of clerk of the book-supply organizations—a chief clerk, of course; but even this senior position will be his only so long as the various organizations have failed to come to an agreement in the matter of an authors' tariff. I learn on good authority that a Leipzig publishing firm has arrived at the following conclusion: it has ascertained that "in the course of development of trade practice" (the Krauer and the cheap Buddenbrook editions) the public has become accustomed to a price of 2.85 Reichsmarks for a volume. This is, therefore, the price that must determine publications, and it finds that in the result the author must be content with a royalty of one penny. Well, the Saxons are shrewd folk, and the rest of Germany will follow this lead in the march of progress.

We need not multiply examples. As the final stage in this process of development we shall have the "thoroughly rationalized" organization of mankind, built up upon classified interests. No longer shall we have the unaccountable products of the creative spirit of man, but they will be determined by a board of management which has duly ascertained the rhythm (a) of the bodily and (b) of the spiritual requirements of the public.

Organization is beginning to descend even upon the astonished farmer. Marketing organizations put their registered mark on eggs, otherwise there must be something wrong with them; brown Lizzy, the cow, has an electric milking affair applied to her excellent udders; the apples from the old tree celebrated in song by Uhland and Avenarius are scientifically sorted and wrapped up in special pâpier-maché jackets devised by some eminent professor. Progress! Progress! The end is that no man can do what he will. From birth (in the state clinic) to the grave (in the central crematorium) the organizations concerned will guide him along the path indicated by his interests. Every eventuality is provided for, and each man is informed at the appropriate moment what he has to do. It is indeed no longer necessary for him to consider for what calling he might have an inclination. This is done for him by the Vocational Board with the assistance of its state-qualified practical psychologists. On the one hand, this board ascertains by means of experiment his individual aptitudes, and on the other, it conducts a minute investigation into his ancestry; after this he is assigned his place, duly classified according to the appropriate categories. Progress will eliminate such sports as artists of repute, whose parents did not reach the proper eugenic standard.

This development is still in its early stages and offers

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much food for mirth; but the creative spirit is already beginning to be overpowered here and there by oppressive organization, and it is turning to bitterness and gall.

In former times, when men believed that they were suffering under the oppression of the institutions, they entered upon a campaign against everything institutional. This was the great movement of Liberalism.

The organizations will soon press more heavily upon men than the institutions used to do. Not only do they invade the sphere of the individual's power of choice; it is sought to destroy all deeper non-rational living forces which are not amenable to common rationalization. Religion, whose metaphysical aims favor a "dangerous" contempt of the world and of death; nationalism which desires freedom and sovereignty; the spirit of warlike endeavor which is willing to risk life for glory and victory; the spirit of the race and the clan which obstinately insists upon being what it is in the teeth of all rationalizing standardization; the peasant spirit of the farmer, whose pride is in his farmstead, the ruler of a free heritage refusing to become a slave purveyor to swarming multitudes as in America; art which, whether proceeding from the attic or from the royal palace, seeks not money, but glory—all these are primeval processes which offer resistance to the spirit of organization. From the biological point of view, they are metaphysical forces of a conservative kind which cannot be explained rationally. A man is either appropriated to them at birth or he is their open or concealed enemy. As these powers are oppressed by the rationalizing spirit of organization, they are stirred in their profundities. They have not yet found each other—the religious man, the warrior, the artist, the peasant; each lives in his own world and chews the cud of his own wretchedness; but as the overweening insolence of civilized, organized Europe increases, as she exercises a more and more arbitrary sway over the eternally human and over the divine which are not subject to her, those will necessarily gravitate together who cannot tolerate a world so mechanical and bleak. Thus, after the liberal revolution of the eighteenth century, the conservative revolution is at hand. When the forms of order that now obtain are trodden under the feet of the Apocalyptic angels, who may be overcome by God but never by man, then the conservative revolution will build up not a better world, perhaps, for we do not believe in progress, but a world more approximating to and more in harmony with that which is eternal.

LITTLE SISTERS

By SPEER STRAHAN

WHEN, nearly a century ago, two French women, Jeanne Jugan, a lady's companion in possession of a small legacy, and Françoise Aubert, an ageing priest's housekeeper without employment, took a small house together at Saint-Servan in Brittany, and welcomed into their midst a blind and helpless old woman, they scarcely realized that they were laying the foundations of a work of charity, peculiarly Christian even in the annals of Christian charity; that they were making it possible for literally hundreds of thousands of old men and women to finish their days in peace, self-respect and security. It was at Saint-Servan the next year that Jeanne Jugan and Françoise Aubert were joined by Virginie Trédaniel and the dauntless Marie Jamet, in a long, low house with earthern floors, facing the sea, and there in 1840 the community of the Little Sisters of the Poor was really begun.

Now, ninety years after their foundation, they count more than three hundred houses. In France, where 111 of these are situated, the list reads like an honor roll of dioceses, or a litany of the half-forgotten saints who have there given their names to gracious places. In Spain they have over fifty houses, in Italy twenty, in England nineteen, even in far-away South America ten. In Rome they nestle almost under the arches of the Coliseum. They are in the shadow of Gibraltar, in Malta, in bonny Dundee, even in the South Seas.

They count fifty-one houses in the United States. Hardly a large, or even a smaller, city but knows the daily comings and goings of these quiet black-garbed nuns through the streets in a strange antiquated wagon, for poverty's sake drawn by a single horse, and generally with an old man high up on the seat, as they go about collecting broken food from hotels and restaurants, cast-off clothing from those in moderate circumstances, or the alms of the poor to expend on those who are yet poorer. In New York they are known at Broadway and 42nd Street, and from the upper reaches of Lexington and Park Avenues down to the Battery. In Manhattan itself they have three houses which, taken together, are this winter caring for more than nine hundred persons. In the metropolitan district alone they count nine foundations. Cities as far apart as Minneapolis and Los Angeles know them, and the care and the love they give their old people. For it is a love, genuine, constant, swift, understanding and universal.

Perhaps a chaplain can speak with deeper knowledge of the work of the Little Sisters than could a complete outsider. And the work of chaplain there is an excellent experience for a young priest. It would be difficult enough for a fractious ecclesiastic who would have the mistaken idea that he were throwing himself away on old people; that Providence intended him to create a stir in the intellectual or literary world. For line

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and cadence have a way of dimming even as fine gold; and intellectual processes, it is said, can quickly become stale and unprofitable. But the practical charity of the Little Sisters leads one to the very bed-rock of life, to humanity and its tremendous need, to love. Furthermore, work of this sort may well demonstrate to the raw and perhaps undisciplined young ecclesiastic that work, not dreaming or planning, is the important thing in life. It may teach him there is no good in contemplating winds or whirlwinds; it may teach him (fresh from his books) important lessons of poverty and death.

Working with the Little Sisters in the sickroom is one way to learn these lessons well. Through the house from morning till night, never resting, continually an encouraging and inspiriting presence, moves the diminutive Mère Hildegarde du Sacré Coeur, the *bonne mère,* as the other Sisters and the old people call her, not French at all, but as English as Yorkshire pudding or a pot of nut-brown ale, a convert, born and reared within the sound of Bow Bells. Occasionally, when she is not too busy, which is rare, she will consent to speak a little reminiscently and wistfully of England, and as she does so, after these thirty years of exile, her face lights up, and you suspect that in her definition of paradise there lurks somewhere an English fog and stewed kidneys.

Next, a Scotswoman with a merry tongue, Soeur Gabrielle, who, having been drawn from the care even of the aged to a hospital at the front during the war, was decorated by the French government for shrapnel wounds received at Colmar. Soeur Solanges, from a tiny village in the Cévennes. Soeur Blandine, with quiet, dark eyes broadly set in a mobile face. Yet such adoration in every trivial action of the day. Then Soeur Marie, still very young, who seems like a miraculous vision of Our Lady herself out of an exquisite mediaeval miniature, as she moves backward and forward in the dusk of a spring morning, helping the old people to and fro at the Communion rail. During the day she has charge of the old men, and many a time kneels to wash their feet, not as any special work of humiliation, but because it is a workaday necessity in such a house as this.

Next, *la petite Americaine,* a nun from the blue grass country of Kentucky who nurses the sick old women. Her extraordinary simplicity and devotion, in other words, her great holiness, are well known to her superiors, and indeed to all but herself. One understands it better after meeting her father and mother, especially the mother, a noble woman who comes, with two daughters and a son, to "visit" for the two days allowed each year by an extremely rigid rule. The sisters are fresh and lively young creatures: one a church organist, full of talk about Solesmes and polyphonic chant, the other a first-rate teacher in a girls' high school. The brother, after finishing college with honors, is now a medical student. Another brother, a young priest, is detained at home.

"She never wanted to be anything but a Sister," says her mother. "From the time she was twelve years old, she would go on afternoons after school to the house of the Little Sisters near by, carrying little comforts to the old people in a basket. Spending her Saturday mornings combing the old ladies' hair. Making broths for the sick. Bringing a flower to the old men. When she was fifteen, after many tears and much pleading, we allowed her to try her vocation with the Little Sisters."

One knows not what unwordly *Mère Générale,* looking gravely over steel-rimmed spectacles in her quiet cell in the grey fields outside Rennes, decreed that this postulant should bear the strange name of Soeur Candide. Innocent of the scoffings of arrogant and worldly philosophers she certainly was, and the better for it. And rightly her place is with the candid army that follows the Lamb. Jack, the medical student, tells you about it also. When his sister went to France for her novitiate, he says, it was necessary that she, with the other novices, wear the rough shoes, be given a spade, and work in the fields as Breton peasant women do. As he tells you this, his fine eyes flood with tears.

She is only thirty-five now; for twenty years she has been caring for sick, and helpless, and complaining old women. The automobile carries her family away: Soeur Candide goes back to her "treasures"—the word is hers, not mine—her sick, who lie upstairs and wait for her. One woman over seventy has lain here six months, paralyzed from the hips down. Another is literally rotting away with cancer. A third suffers some nameless torture that turns her eyes toward the ceiling, and leaves her moaning softly but ceaselessly day and night.

The days pass, withering hot days of summer. One woman is dying, screaming wildly that she has some message to give before the last. Sister bends over her: "Mary, tell me! What is it you want, dear?" She soothes the old creature, and learns only what she has heard many times before, that it is her lost and scapegrace son she wants. The message is taken; it will be delivered faithfully. By degrees the old woman becomes more quiet, she begs for the cross, and dies with the Holy Name upon her lips.

The heat increases. The second woman dies, but the old lady with cancer still lives on. Long since she was ready to die. She has made her peace with God, she has been anointed with the saving oils; for weeks she has received every Communion as if it were her last. But it is not always easy to die. She lingers and suffers, and the odors of corruption encompass her in such frightful fashion that, even to herself, life is become more unbearable than death; repulsive to all, but not to the Sister who guards and tends her as sweetly as if the sickness were only a passing cold or ache.

The weather turns. The next day is cool. When you make your rounds in the morning, you find the old

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lady deeply disappointed; she had hoped to go to God during the night. Sister is as patient and as quiet as ever, but her strength is giving way. The color is fading from her cheeks. Would it have been wrong for the chaplain to pray that that old suffering woman be released soon from the prison of the body, that the nurse might recuperate her strength a little before the first cold rains brought on new invalids? God was good. The third day was witheringly hot. The old lady got her wish, and died with a smile on her wasted and frightful cheeks. But it was too much. The health of the nurse broke also under the burden.

This is but one out of many cases that every priest who knows the work of the Little Sisters could speak of. The nuns themselves could probably tell you dozens, if they would speak. One does not need to say these are exceptional women; that theirs is a vocation which demands intelligence, common sense and such sacrifices that the rest of us may well be aghast at the mere thought of them.

But there is humor and resignation to the facts of life among the old people, even if they are occasionally or even constantly colored by traces of tragedy. Here are all sorts, "the grave, the gay, the random, the gentle, the unconvinced." One could speak of the old man who, for nearly a quarter of a century, has tended the door. In spite of his eighty-five years his hair is hardly grey, and every morning he has a different joke to tell you as he lets you in. And when he goes to his place in the chapel he seems so youthful, one thinks amusedly of the way a growing boy in a *petite séminaire* will pace reverently to chapel with a handball in his pocket. One might write also of another patriarch, the richness of whose speech betrays a tangle of Celtic-song and story back to Cuchulain and Deirdre of the Sorrows. And then the old women. Such stories, such fears, such gentleness, such submission. And such secrets. These people are no different from any others. It is enough that their lives are written in the secret of God's face. Who would want to publish them here in vulgar fashion?

> You the compelled, be feasted! You the caught,
> Be freedmen of the gates that word unlocks!

These people live by the Blessed Sacrament. Everything else has been taken away from them: in return This has been given. Every dawn, more insistent than the sun, is the Host lifted above them, and the chalice lets loose upon them a brightness which is certainly not of this world. And so, from day to day, they live, dreaming over the last and looking forward to the next Communion.

As the year goes by, one follows the liturgical life of the Church with them almost as faithfully as in a Catholic country. Through the Christmas season the Crib stands in their recreation room. On the feast of Saint Blaise their throats are religiously blessed. They who have known such penance kneel for the penitential ashes at the beginning of Lent. And on Holy Saturday, after the service, the priest goes about in surplice and stole, blessing the whole establishment, every room in the house from garret down to laundry, and kitchen, and outbuildings, the garden with its first green shoots, and lastly the barn, where in solitary grandeur is stabled M. le Général, the horse. One sprinkles the van of the great lumbering wheels in which the Sisters ride forth daily *sur la quête*. One blesses M. le Général also, not facing the noble animal as in the solemn benediction of the horses in the Pallio at Siena, but from behind, standing by the stable door. As the holy water strikes M. le Général, he rears up, he snorts. Not that Satan needs to be subdued in him. Kind beast, I am sure he is already *très bon Catholique* to go in shafts for such a holy work. Already his feet are upon the everlasting hills. Is there really no immortality for animals such as this? The hay is also blessed. May it do him good! May his appetite increase!

In a corner of the carpenter shop, above the stable, which you also bless, there rest a few dust-covered trunks of various antique vintages, some old cast-off "telescopes" and other battered hand-luggage. There will be no need of them for the *grande voyage* on which soon or late these poor souls will embark. For renouncement, that most difficult of virtues, is somehow made simple and curiously easy for them at the last. The Blessed Sacrament, the prayers of the Sisters and of the other old people, divine grace itself, draw them. Who could defend himself against such a love as this? Seas of divine goodness wash over and over them, moving in slow resistless tides, and upon their depth is many a soul borne out in joy.

Sunt lacrimae rerum. Sister stands closing the eyes, and binding up the jaws of the newly dead. An old woman in the next room lifts up her voice querulously, and demands her supper. It is past time, she insists, and she is not fed. In the chapel the red flame burns endlessly before the Word made Flesh.

Encounter

In a quiet place
Within sound of the sea
I saw my face
Look back at me

As I went to pass,
Through the silver gloom,
By a looking-glass
In a twilit room.

All loneliness
Of living made
That silent, speechless
Pair afraid,

And I'll never forget
Before I die
How strangely we met,
My face and I.

JOSEPHINE W. BOYLAN.

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A NEIGHBOR OF LINCOLN

By A. LONGFELLOW FISKE

TO LIVE next door to genius, to be a neighbor of one destined to be an immortal, is an experience that comes to few. And it is a question whether we would recognize the greatness of the man even if we were to be so fortunate.

We have strange ideas of genius, and we are apt to think of one who possesses it as being different from the rank and file of humanity, a sort of mountain peak which, because of its stupendous height, is aloof and cold in its grandeur. But this conception of greatness or genius is probably incorrect. Genius is usually very human and unaffected. It is for other generations, in fact, to recognize it. As Ralph Waldo Emerson once said of a contemporary, "We are too close to judge him, we haven't the perspective."

Several years ago, I met in Springfield, Illinois, a most delightful old lady, the last surviving member of an old aristocratic Southern family. Mrs. Johnson, as a young girl, had lived next door to the Lincolns; she had played with the Lincoln boys; she had seen Mr. Lincoln almost daily for several years, when he was practising law in the prairie city; and had attended Lincoln's first inaugural in Washington as a guest of the family.

I remember very distinctly the afternoon that I spent with Mrs. Johnson in the parlor of her large, spacious home on Fifth Street in Springfield. She spoke of Mr. Lincoln with a peculiar reserve and with a respect that was not so much the attitude of a hero-worshiper as that of a friend and neighbor.

"What were your earliest recollections of him?" I asked.

Mrs. Johnson seemed to be lost in memories. Then she smiled. "My first recollection," she replied, "is, that he seemed very tall. I can see him now, walking slowly past the house pushing a baby carriage with one hand, while in the other he held an open book which he was reading studiously! He was a grotesque figure, wearing that long linen duster and a tall hat, ridiculously tall."

Then Mrs. Johnson dwelt at some length upon that outstanding characteristic of Lincoln's, well known to his closest friends, his patience. He lived amicably with Mrs. Lincoln, and while she was a very remarkable woman, she was exceedingly temperamental, and at times seriously marred the domestic felicity of the Lincoln home. With a gentle laugh, Mrs. Johnson related how, one evening, Mr. Lincoln called at her home and asked to see her father. He carried a prodigious carpet-bag into the parlor and sat down. In a few minutes her father appeared.

Mr. Lincoln, rising, remarked in a drawl, "Mary is having one of her spells, and I think I had better leave her for a few days. I didn't want to bother her, and I thought as you and I are about the same size, you might be kind enough to let me take one of your clean shirts! I have found that when Mrs. Lincoln gets one of these nervous spells, it is better for me to go away for a day or two."

There was a playful smile playing upon the features of Lincoln, and Mrs. Johnson remembered clearly the careful depositing of her father's shirt into the deep recesses of the carpet-bag.

But the incident which stood out with greatest vividness was one which had to do with her friend and playmate, Tad. "After that," said the lady with emphasis, "Mr. Lincoln seemed different to me."

It appeared that one summer afternoon the young girl happened to be in the kitchen of her home. The window was open and she could look across a narrow yard into the open kitchen window of the Lincolns'. She could see plainly and hear very clearly, and what she heard brought pain and consternation to the young girl's heart. Mrs. Lincoln was talking to Tad in a loud voice and was accusing him of having appropriated to his own use a dime which should have been the change to be returned to her after having gone to the grocery on an errand.

"Tad," she declared, "you are a bad boy, I am afraid you are a thief, you—"

"No, no, mother," the frightened boy expostulated, "I didn't take that money, I say, I didn't, I've lost it."

Then Tad's friend across the way saw the enraged mother rush out of the room and in another minute return with a vicious switch. She proceeded at once to apply it to the boy's legs, while naturally he objected in the typical child fashion.

Now—something happened. Suddenly there was a dead silence, and Mrs. Johnson could see the tall, lank form of Mr. Lincoln as he entered the room. The boy was cringing with fright, the outraged mother stood with the switch held limply in her hand, and Mr. Lincoln was close by them looking first at one and then the other.

"What does this mean?" he asked, simply, addressing his wife. She told it all in a torrent of almost incoherent words.

"But," protested the father, "are you sure? Perhaps—"

And in another minute Mr. Lincoln had Tad turning all of his pockets inside out, until, lo and behold, the vagrant dime dropped out of the last pocket!

Mrs. Johnson confessed that she breathed a sigh of relief, for her heart was rebelliously sympathetic.

"Then," she said, "occurred what I shall never forget, for Mr. Lincoln turned to his wife and literally looked down on her, because he was so tall, and said in a voice gentle and tender with understanding, 'Mary! Mary!' That was all he said, and his wife made no reply.

"From that time on Mr. Lincoln was a different man to me. Although he was just a human being and a neighbor, still he seemed to possess qualities that I didn't see in other people. I felt that whatever might happen, he would understand. And when, years later, he was nominated for the Presidency, and during the years he served in that high office, I felt that the nation was safe because it had at its helm a man a little different from other men, with a greater sense of justice and a deeper human sympathy. All through my life, since my early days, I have heard Mr. Lincoln's voice—'Mary! Mary!' it has said—and he might have been speaking to the whole world!"

A few years passed and Mr. Lincoln reached the White House, and Mrs. Johnson was a young lady. At his first inaugural his next-door neighbor, Annie Eastman, this same young lady, was not forgotten, and to her great delight she came east to attend the event as a guest of the Lincoln's.

Annie Eastman was not concerned with the affairs of state at that early period, and although she sat with others close at hand when the oath of office was administered, the outstanding memory was a simple occurrence at the brilliant reception.

"The great room and the lights! But Mr. Lincoln as he stood shaking hands with people was just Mr. Lincoln, next door. As I passed in front of him, he remarked, 'Well, here we are, and look at these gloves, Annie, they were clean when we began!'"

With this comment he held out his large hands, palms up, for her to see, and laughed whimsically at the dirty, smudged whiteness.

He was the same tall man, towering above everybody at the reception, and yet to Annie Eastman he was just a bit different from other men—he was more human and more kind.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

There's Always Juliet

IN HIS latest play, "There's Always Juliet," John Van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley," exhibits many unsuspected qualities, as a writer, not unlike Philip Barry. In many ways, it is difficult to dissociate Mr. Van Druten's tenderly humorous dialogue from the inimitable charm and ease of Miss Edna Best and Mr. Herbert Marshall who play the leading parts. They make the utmost of all the material that the author has given them, and in spite of the fact that the play has almost no plot at all, manage to give it a certain exuberant radiance. The fact that the hero of the occasion is a divorced man will, of course, make the story unacceptable to all those who do not believe in divorce and remarriage. It is all the more annoying to have an element of this sort obtrude itself when we realize that this particular fact has almost nothing whatever to do with the course of the story itself.

The task of the play reviewer is not made easier by plays of this type. It probably would be difficult in any language to find a play more delicately written or delightfully underscored with wit, humor and tenderness. It is nothing more nor less than the very old story of love at first sight, carried through a period of three days to an inevitable conclusion. Moreover, from the viewpoint of 80 percent of the population of this broad land, the fact that the man in the case is divorced would mean little or nothing, particularly as it is made very plain that he is the injured party. Nevertheless the fact is there, and your sympathies are entirely enlisted for the love and ultimate union of these two delightful people no matter what your ideas on divorce may be.

As I said before, the intrusion of this unpalatable fact is quite unnecessary. It has nothing to do with either the gossamer plot of the play or the motivations of the main characters, except to make the girl pause for a moment, merely on the grounds that it turns what has been a light-hearted friendship into "something more grown-up." So far as this effect is concerned, it would have been equally pronounced if the divorced wife had been killed in an airplane accident or by any other method convenient to the playwright's hand. The really interesting point is the very fact that Mr. Van Druten does introduce this detail as a trivial and unimportant matter. This fact in itself is a sharp reflection of the modern viewpoint.

In view of the above matter—which I sincerely regret having to report because of the otherwise delightful handling of the play—it is much pleasanter to turn to a direct discussion of Mr. Van Druten's technical ability as a playwright, and to the superlative excellence of one of the theatre's most interesting married couples, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall.

Hitherto, and particularly in "Young Woodley," Mr. Van Druten has been rather overserious in his work and occasionally callow. The present play reveals a wholly new side of his ability as an observer and as an etcher of the finer points of character. It also brings forth an unsuspected humor of the whimsical variety. If you can imagine a combination of the charm of Sir James Barrie, the realistic directness of George Kelly, and the whimsical touch of Philip Barry, you will have a fairly good idea of what Mr. Van Druten achieves in "There's Always Juliet." Like Philip Barry, he appreciates the importance of unspoken words, and also the significance of sheer nonsense and banter covering up much deeper emotions. He has George Kelly's particular facility for making his characters utterly natural and familiar both in speech and action. But above all, he has the James Barrie trait of endowing his characters with a quite intangible and yet insistent charm. The emergence of all these unsuspected qualities lends some color to the thought that John Van Druten may soon rank among our most important international playwrights.

As to Miss Best's and Mr. Marshall's part in the current proceedings, it can be said that no more delightful and impish team work has been seen on the American stage since Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne introduced "The Guardsman" to American audiences. It was Mr. Marshall who lent the all too sympathetic touch to the hero of Philip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." Miss Best has made her definite place since she first appeared with Cyril Maude some years ago. She is utterly natural and spontaneous and frolicsome, and at the same time knows how to convey a strong undercurrent of very deep and very tender feeling. (At the Empire Theatre.)

Face the Music

IRVING BERLIN and Moss Hart have labored strenuously to produce a gay and relieving satire on depression and on the municipal graft of New York City. Unfortunately, their effort comes to something of an anti-climax after the exuberant humor, swift action and keen satire of "Of Thee I Sing."

There are many individual scenes in "Face the Music" which rank among the very best that the musical revue stage has produced—among them the opening scene in which the millionaires of New York are eating at the Automat. But the revue, as a whole, is pretentious beyond its real abilities. Its pungent satire frequently descends to mere obvious horseplay, and even though it is professedly satirizing the vulgarity of show business itself, it frequently partakes of the very same vulgarity. Nothing is more difficult to define than that quality in satire which can separate itself from the thing it satirizes. But part of this quality, at least, comes from purposely avoiding the obvious and the trite. In its satire of national politics, for example, "Of Thee I Sing," through purposely inventing the campaign slogan of "Love," avoided most of the obvious issues of real politics and satirized the spirit behind national movements rather than any actual events of the day. "Face the Music," on the other hand, except for its shafts directed at the depression, which are always so highly exaggerated as to become real satire, spends much of its time in jokes about rich policemen, tin boxes, dirty plays, the publicity values of anti-vice commissions and the like. All of this can be found in the daily newspapers ad nauseam. The politician's tin box becomes no more ridiculous on the stage than it is in the current news. In other words, true satire makes its comment through assuming the new or the impossible. It follows, so to speak, the pattern of "Gulliver's Travels." It is only second-rate satire that contents itself with jokes about the obvious and the real. "Face the Music" has amusing spots. It has some moderately good music, but by no means Irving Berlin's best, and is so smattered with the vulgarity that it pretends to ridicule that when you take it as a whole, it provides a rather heavy evening. It gives one or two opportunities to hear Joseph Macaulay's excellent voice and has a few spectacular scenes in the good old tradition of the elaborate musical revue. Beyond that, it does not break far

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through the bounds of established Broadway traditions. (At the New Amsterdam Theatre.)

Mrs. Fiske

OCCASIONALLY, one has to pause in the onrush of events and accept real drama rather than its make-believe counterpart in the theatre. The death of Mrs. Fiske is no mere casual event. She summed up, and quite gloriously, the essence of an acting tradition that is in serious danger of being lost.

Quite possibly, Mrs. Fiske herself would be the first one to appreciate the tribute of being called "a trouper." A trouper is one of the most valued persons of the stage—a man or woman with the distinct touch of the vagabond, a tireless worker, at least a master of routine technique, an unfailing instinct for line and for theatrical situation and, above all, one to whom the very smell of the theatre is a powerful tonic. The real trouper is the actor who can be suffering from a severe cold or illness up to the moment the curtain rises and then, in the instinctive love of work and of the footlights, entirely forget all personal feelings and symptoms until the performance is over. In other words, for all his or her vagabondage, the trouper is reliable. A real trouper would laugh if you even suggested the idea of consecration to work and yet that is what the trouper must die and live for. Mrs. Fiske was a trouper. She was also an artist.

A particular quality of her artistry will probably remain for many years a matter of lively discussion. To some she was a mere technician. To others she was the summation of all the finest qualities of the actor. Even her greatest admirers will probably admit that she seldom showed that particular quality of artistry which subordinates personality to the stage character. She was always Mrs. Fiske, just as Pauline Lord is always Pauline Lord. But in remaining herself, she was also able to absorb essentials of the part so completely that the resultant character presented to the audience was a complete and satisfactory whole. One never had a feeling in watching Mrs. Fiske that she was someone else. She was too powerful an individual personality to permit that for an instant. One did feel, however, that Mrs. Fiske had somehow been mysteriously transported to another age and to another place, and that one was watching her undergoing a totally new experience or plowing through a totally new set of circumstances. If you are unwilling to admit artistry except on the assumption that the artist becomes utterly submerged in the character, you will be forced to admit that, for all her great artifice, Mrs. Fiske was a technician rather than an artist.

There is, however, one striking exception to this view of true artistry and Mrs. Fiske was an outstanding example of that exception. When the vitality and force of the actor is so great that he or she can, as Mrs. Fiske did, absorb the character rathan than be absorbed by it, we have something which passes beyond mere artifice. It is this peculiar fire and intensity which, as I have suggested, made us feel that we were seeing Mrs. Fiske in all periods of history and under stress of all varieties of circumstances. Obviously, this quality is not the art of selfishness. It is not the art by which the actor becomes simply and solely the instrument through which the created character of the author speaks. Yet it remains the artistry of superabundant vitality and emotion expressing itself through the medium of superb technique. In the timing of her lines and gestures, in the radiant vigor of her attack, and in the richness of her devotion to the task in hand, Mrs. Fiske was not only a trouper but also a great artist. She was also a great person. In the shifting drama of the stage itself and the thousands who people it, the death of Mrs. Fiske comes as a major climax.

COMMUNICATIONS

AN ANALYSIS

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor: In essaying a criticism of Mr. M. P. Connery's "An Analysis" appearing in your issue of November 25, I would at the outset compliment THE COMMONWEAL for its wisdom in emphatically disavowing editorial sanction of or sympathy with the views expressed by him. If, in so doing, they place themselves on a par with "the average reader" within whose ken, Mr. Connery lamentingly declares, may not be lodged the "many simple statements of facts" (sic) contained in his paper, they also by unmistakable implication array themselves with those writers "whose every foolish word is presented in the public press as economic wisdom." Obviously, Mr. Connery is not one of this class of economic publicists!

Now to proceed with a cursory analysis of the valiant analyst; I say "cursory" because I would fain defer an exhaustive evaluation of Mr. Connery's paper to a more profound student of economics, claiming for myself only the moiety of common sense which should enable even "the average reader" to distinguish sensibly between self-evident truths and palpable misstatement.

It is the marked leaning toward a deterministic philosophy manifested by Mr. Connery's dicta and sage conclusions that chiefly calls for rebuke. Declaring, inferentially at least, that the remedies commonly proposed—"the five-day week, maintenance of the present wage-scale and expenditure of government moneys for public works"—can and will avail naught in ameliorating the evils of business depression and unemployment, he seems to conclude that no remedy for these evils is to be sought, that the race of man must supinely submit to the inevitable course of a ruthless economic trend, and sink or swim, as the fates may decree.

And how does Mr. Connery essay to justify his conclusions? It is by a series of economic dicta, wofully foreign to the "ken of the average reader," that he would convince (or convict) us of the folly of our optimistic efforts and expectations. And how does he succeed in this ambitious undertaking? Not at all; unless we are willing to confess ourselves incapable of distinguishing between reasonable concept and wholly arbitrary and unwarranted assertion.

A brief examination of some of Mr. Connery's statements must suffice to convince any reasonable man that his contentions are far from commanding the force that a would-be oracle must marshal, if he dare hope to convict his contemporaries of egregious folly in all their generally accepted intellectual conceptions.

The striking inconsistency of many of Mr. Connery's assertions is sufficient to cause "the average reader" to hesitate before "gulping"; and a merely casual consideration of their implications must serve to cause their rejection, because altogether incompatible with either average common-sense or commonplace logic.

First I may be permitted to reproduce some of Mr. Connery's fallacious assertions, and later to point out the obvious reasons for holding them to be untenable and unsound in their implication:

(a) "It is not possible to take earnings from the owners of industry."

(b) Since "five days' work will never bring six days' product . . . to maintain the amount of product it will be necessary to increase the quantity of capital."

(c) "The earnings of the owners and operators of industry being necessary . . . and untouchable, the only possible source

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of benefit to the workers is in interest on capital. But a short work-week means more interest on capital, and it is the interest on capital which creates the surplus which is the sole cause of unemployment."

(d) "Though you double the present wage-scale, if you leave the present amount of interest to the capitalists, the surplus in their hands must persist."

(e) "The capitalists, as capitalists, could not contribute a dollar's worth to the noble task [of putting all men to work]."

(f) "There is no such thing as putting any proper cost [of government expenditure for public works] on future generations."

(g) "The government could not take a dollar's worth of capital by any form or by any degree of taxation."

In refutation of contention (a) it is only necessary to cite the operation of the income tax. If aught more be demanded, let it suffice to cite the activities of Russian Sovietism: since here there is not a question of commendation but simply one of possibility.

(b) The five-day week is urged for the purpose of procuring the reëmployment of the workers forced into unemployment because of decreased demand for their products. As the capacity of the industrial plants in which they were erstwhile employed has not been diminished, no increased quantity of capital would be required to enable those men to resume their productive activities. There would, to be sure, remain the problem of a profitable market for their products—but, again, that problem is not at issue in the immediate premises, and its consideration may be waived in view of the fact that the product of, say, 20 percent more men employed for an equal ratio of fewer hours will not materially vary from that of the present status.

(c) The first sentence under this is amply met by the foregoing remarks relative to (a). The assertion that "a short work-week means more interest on capital" is conclusively negatived in the last foregoing paragraph.

As to the remarks relative to interest and surplus, I must confess myself a trifle confounded. Just what does Mr. Connery mean when he speaks of surplus? A surplus of money or of manufactured commodities? If the latter, then must I concede his statement that it "is the sole cause of unemployment" is measurably true and sound. It is not difficult for even an "average reader" to discern the fact that overproduction, coupled with inequitable distribution, is the fruitful cause of business stagnation, unemployment and manifold distress.. Since, however, Mr. Connery in his closing sentence asserts that "interest money" represents merely a surplus that brings about the condition of "general unemployment," it becomes patent that he is vague and mystifying in his use of the term "surplus"; and as to his assertion that surplus money is a cause of unemployment —it is simply astounding that a professed economist should perpetrate so preposterous a heresy.

(d) This contention is objectionable only in its implication, i.e., that an increased wage-scale will not benefit the wage-earner because it would not alter the relative advantage of employer and employee, since an unaltered rate of interest would permit the "surplus in the hands of capitalists to persist." What about the relative values of a doubled wage and a fixed surplus?

(e) Here we have a seemingly very recondite pronouncement. But it is really so palpably absurd as to require no argument in refutation.

(f) The last above remarks apply with equal force to this asertion. Instance Germany's protestations against obligations which they reasonably fear will prove an irksome burden upon generations yet unborn.

Having thus rejected—for good and sufficient reason, I may confidently assert—the validity of Mr. Connery's several premises, I hold that we may also confidently reject his doleful conclusion, i.e., "there is no practical means of relieving unemployment."

Quite to the contrary, I hesitate not to maintain that the shortening of the hours of work to a five-day week—or an even more drastic cut in the hours of labor, if need be—would be the all-sufficient measure for the achievement of this much desired purpose; a very simple remedy, to be sure. Its efficacy, it seems to me, cannot be seriously questioned by any intelligently thoughtful person; for to state the problem in its simplest terms, it amounts to this: The demand for the products of industry requires the employment of a certain number of men for a certain number of hours. If we assume, for the purpose of illustration, that to supply this demand requires the services of 30,000,000 men and women for a period of forty-four hours each week (five and one-half days of eight hours each), and we have a working population of 36,000,000, to all of whom we would justly afford an opportunity of employment, a simple mathematical calculation will demonstrate that a thirty-six or thirty-seven hour week (to be precise, thirty-six and two-thirds hours) for one and all of the aggregate number of workers in our country would, as a matter of fact, accomplish our purpose.

Confessedly, no adequate and satisfying readjustment of the labor problems is to be achieved by the simple process here just outlined. To provide employment for all our people is one thing, and so to condition their compensation as to afford them a just and equitable share in the product of their labor—plus the facilities and competent management provided by the owners of industry—is quite another, and much more intricate and difficult. But, instead of throwing up our hands in impotency and despair, let us rather continue solicitously and hopefully to pursue our perplexingly elusive, but in no sense impossible, goal—the founding of a better (because a far more just) economic and social system.

It were wiser, I am sure, to be guided by the counsels and adjurations of our several devoted and brainy Vicars of Christ who, animated by the merciful spirit of their Divine Master, have in recent years, by means of their commanding encyclicals, proclaimed the exalted nature of social justice, and the methods to be employed in achieving its fruition, than to be influenced by the promulgation of a series of abstract (not to say abstruse) theories which really prove nothing, but tend only to confuse and paralyze the intellect.

A. C. Layman.

UT UNUM SINT

Sherburne, N. Y.

To the Editor: May I make a few remarks concerning the very interesting article in your issue of February 10 by Leonid Strakhovsky, entitled "Ut Unum Sint"?

The information which he gives us as to the hope of the return of Oriental Christians is most valuable and enlightening. With humble acknowledgement of the great service which such an article may do for the cause of reunion, I think one must dissent from his interpretation of the words of Our Lord's prayer, "That they all may be one." He says: "The prayer of Jesus Christ, 'Ut unum sint . . . ut sint consummati in unum,' has so far not been fulfilled."

To say this seems to imply that the Church lacks the note of unity; yet that is one of the outstanding marks of the Church.

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Our Lord goes on in His great prayer to speak of it as such, since He prays for that unity in His Church "in order that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me." It was to be an evident sign in the face of the unbelieving world, identifying the true body of believers, that they should be ever one in faith. And the world makes acknowledgement of the fact that it is so by the charge that the Church demands a crushing uniformity of belief from her members.

One must surely believe that when the God-man prayed, He prayed—not as we do, asking often what cannot be fulfilled because the wisdom of God sees otherwise; His prayers must be always efficacious. The unity which He implored must be granted, and that, not in some indefinite and distant future, but at once and always.

As a *conversus,* though after twenty years scarcely a *neo-conversus,* I well remember how I was long held back from entering the Church by the notion that those great bodies of separated Christians were somehow a part of the membership of Christ's Church, and that the very apparent disunity in this all-embracing fold was only a sad proof that Our Lord's prayer for unity had not been fulfilled. When it was shown to me by a letter in a Catholic paper which I happened to pick up that "the seamless robe of Christ" was not, and never had been, divided; that there existed in that body which is known by the world as "Catholic"—and "Roman," because the center of its unity is in the Roman See—a unity which, if one studies it, seems little less than a perpetual miracle, I was so stirred and my convictions were so strengthened that I knew myself to have taken a long step toward "the city set on a hill."

No, long as we must that dissident Christian bodies shall be united with us in the true fold, and rejoicing as we do that they still share with us in the possession of so large a part of the doctrine of Christ, we must not forget that the Church remains undivided. Those who are cut off from the Holy See are perpetually torn with divisions. But within the Church from which they are so sadly separated there is peace because Christ's prayer is there perpetually fulfilled.

REV. RAYMOND P. LAWRENCE.

A TRUST OFFICER'S DUTIES

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Recent correspondence in your columns has ranged from liturgical music, through comment on bad manners manifesting itself in different ways, to economics. May I introduce a different speculative subject?

What exactly may a trust officer be expected to do about trust funds? Is it any part of his duty, as a responsible officer of a bank or trust company, to know anything at all about the nature of the enterprises in which the trust funds under his (too often nominal) guardianship are invested? Or is his duty confined to telling the one-time beneficiary that they have vanished, and pointing to some hole, telling him that he thinks they went down there?

The number and variety of indictments, state and federal, against bank officers in many parts of the country is a very serious matter. The profound distrust of banks in country districts and small towns is a distinct obstacle to recovery. I find a good many capable small-town bankers deeply disturbed over having been drawn into operations of the "big fellows" that "they did not understand" and only went along with because they thought the "big ones" knew what they were doing.

Would an authoritative discussion be out of place in the columns of THE COMMONWEAL?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

BOOKS

Wilson Days

Crowded Years: The Reminiscences of William G. McAdoo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THIS is a composite work, that of ex-Secretary McAdoo and W. E. Woodward, and Mr. McAdoo says in his preface that they have been at work on it together for a year and a half. In some respects, probably in most, the collaboration has been fortunate, and in some not so much so. The reason for the collaboration is plain enough. Mr. Woodward is a professional writer, with skill and grace in style, and that has never been said of Mr. McAdoo. He has imparted to the writing, in the main, a story-telling manner which is not that of the tunnel-builder and Cabinet officer.

At times, however, it is evident that Mr. McAdoo has taken the bit in his own teeth and run away from Mr. Woodward, and in such cases not only does the book make dry reading, but Mr. McAdoo dwells on subjects of importance to him, but which Mr. Woodward, if left to himself, would certainly have left out. As a single instance out of many, Mr. McAdoo is tiresome on the subject of the individuals, mostly unknown or forgotten, whom he appointed to office and why he appointed them. Even if Mr. Woodward had been as much interested in such a thing as Mr. McAdoo, his sense of what will and what will not appeal to the readers would have made him tread on the soft pedal there.

Mr. McAdoo's personal likes and dislikes are prominent. It may be due to Mr. Woodward's restraining advice that they are not always so prominent as to give the impression of long-cherished animosities. In the case of William F. McCombs, who was at bitter odds with McAdoo when both were promoting the presidential candidacy of Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Woodward's advice, if he gave it, has been disregarded, and the grievance against McCombs, however justified it may be, occupies a disproportionate share of the volume.

If there were no other books of reminiscence about the period, one would be obliged to conclude that it was chiefly McAdoo who made Wilson President. Giving him his full share of credit, it is still necessary to correct his account, or at least to check it up, by a comparison with similar works by other actors in the war and pre-war years. Mr. McAdoo ends his book with his retirement from the Cabinet and leaves unsatisfied the overwhelming public curiosity concerning what he thinks about his candidacy against Governor Smith for President, which made the Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden in 1924 such a fiasco, unique in political history—unique, for the deadlock at the Charleston Convention of 1860 was totally different in origin, meaning, character, proceedings and result. He says his reason is that to go into it would necessitate two volumes instead of one; but that, as Mr. Woodward could have told him and perhaps did, could have been avoided by leaving out many unessential matters and giving the space to this important one. It is impossible not to suspect that Mr. McAdoo had another reason for leaving that last high spot of his career untouched.

His recital of his achievements in the Cabinet during the war is an account of events already on record, but never before collected in one volume, and from that standpoint it is valuable. Reminiscently his anecdotes of what went on when he was bringing the states of New York and New Jersey together under the Hudson are of great interest. A fault which Mr. McAdoo shares with many if not most authors of autobiogra-

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phies is one in which Mr. Woodward was powerless to correct him, because of Mr. Woodward's own characteristic deficiency in that respect. It is notorious that in writing an autobiography the author who depends on his memory is sure to make blunders, and nearly always does. Here Mr. Woodward was of no value to Mr. McAdoo, because in all his own individual writing Mr. Woodward, though a delightful writer, is careless and inaccurate and obviously does not take pains to verify a thing he thinks he remembers having read.

What is remarkable is that Mr. McAdoo's lapses of memory often occur in cases the circumstances of which might be expected to impress themselves indelibly on any man's memory, and concerning which the most forgetful man could not possibly go wrong in retrospect. For instance, before he reached the voting age he, a poor boy, made the daring adventure of going to the national convention which nominated Grover Cleveland; doing it, for he had no money, by getting a railroad pass, and then bluffing the Tennessee delegation, which did not know him, into electing him an alternate, so that he could sit in the high places at his first convention. It was an experience to plant itself forever in the mind of any boy, so that he should never forget a detail of it. He says it had that effect on him, and lingers long and lovingly on the scenes at that first convention. Why, then, does he say that "the only candidates, if my memory is correct," were Cleveland, Bayard and Thurman? That error is just the kind one would suppose no reminiscent writer could make.

Then, too, his advent into national politics was as a kingmaker; he shared in unequal degrees with McCombs, Harvey and House the making of Wilson as President. From that incursion sprang all his subsequent fame. One would think he would not forget the details about that first appearance of his in the limelight, even if he became hazy about subsequent ones. Yet he tells of an important occurrence, the attempt of the A. P. A. to compel Wilson to come out against the Catholics. It was McAdoo whom their committee saw, and in Wilson's name he refused. The A. P. A., he says, "was still in existence and active in every direction." It was not. Its last attempt to bully a presidential candidate in this way had happened in 1896, sixteen years before. What is more astonishing, he says that General Nelson A. Miles was, "as I recall it, president of the organization," and that it was Miles and two others who made the demand upon him. Miles was not president of that defunct association, and never had been. He was, about that time, president of an insignificant and forgotten anti-Catholic band known as the "Guardians of Liberty," which lasted only about as long as a breath, historically speaking. Most certainly these errors are Mr. McAdoo's, not Mr. Woodward's, though Mr. Woodward does contribute some mistakes of his own.

Naturally, if Mr. McAdoo cannot remember events in which he played an important part, his memory about what he has read cannot be relied on. Thus he has a good deal to say about the Anti-Masonic party, which was a great factor in politics a hundred years ago; an organization inimical to Freemasonry, which endeavored to make it the issue of the campaign of 1832, and which did nominate a presidential and vice-presidential candidate, carried one state, and was dangerously strong at the polls in many others. He says, without realizing at all the absurdity of the charge, "It was believed at the time that Catholic influences were strongly behind the Anti-Masonic movement." Considering, first, that "Catholic influences" were a feeble minority in 1826-1832, the period of the Anti-Masonic crusade, and second, that a mere intimation that "Catholic in-

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NEXT WEEK

RELIEF FOR THE UNEMPLOYED is by I. Maurice Wormser, who is the author of a current widely read book on social conditions in our modern world, "Frankenstein, Incorporated," and who was for twelve years editor of the New York *Law Journal*. He is also a professor of law in Fordham University. His article is truly social-minded and is an impressive analysis of a condition of present-day society which may be more difficult to solve than many persons conceive and one which will not solve itself surprisingly, almost over-night like a change in the weather, without the intervention of intelligent social planning. . . . THE NEW SPANISH REPUBLIC, by William F. Montavon, tells with factualness and a nicety of judgment that cannot fail to impress the reader, of the steps by which religious freedom is not being obtained in Spain. Instead of separating the State from the Church there, the tendency is to make the State superior to the Church, with subsequent tyranny over innocent persons. This is an extremely interesting record of history in the making and an illustration of the balance necessary for the preservation of most important principles. . . . THE FAITH OF DR. MORE, by the Reverend Francis Burke, S.J., is a brilliant essay on how the Church completes the philosophy of one of our leading modern philosophers. . . . WHY EMASCULATED PLAINSONG? by the Reverend Stephen Charles Kemenes, who has been traveling extensively in Europe in pursuance of liturgical studies, explains the fundamental necessity if Gregorian Chant is to be what it properly is, "a giant running to do God's own work."

fluences" were behind it would have been enough to turn the Anti-Masons into red-hot pro-Masons, what is Mr. McAdoo dreaming about? He caps the absurdity by saying that "Clay sought its support in 1832, when he ran against Jackson, only to suffer defeat." The fact is that Clay could have had the Anti-Masonic support, but refused it, confining himself to saying nothing either way, and that its candidate was the then eminent William Wirt of Maryland. As for "Catholic influences," Mr. McAdoo's idea cannot be more completely disposed of than by recalling the fact that the one state which Wirt did carry was Vermont. "Catholic influences" were not precisely decisive in that state in 1832, and are not now.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

What Is Wrong?

America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy, by Norman Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

WITH at least the first half of this very interesting volume most readers will probably find themselves in substantial agreement. Few would gainsay that there must be something radically wrong with an industrial system which concentrates 33 percent of the national wealth in the hands of 1 percent of the population and which breeds unemployment of from one million in prosperous times to six or eight millions in periods of depression. Mr. Thomas's picture of the multiple evils of our present organization, or, rather, lack of organization, is entirely convincing. Although, with our modern machinery, we are or soon will be theoretically able to provide for all men's needs, yet as a matter of fact there never was a time when men suffered so much from economic fear. And there never was a time when we seemed to be drifting so near to economic chaos. Mr. Thomas gives short shrift to the new capitalism of high wages and diffused ownership of stocks, on which so many base their hopes for the future. He shows that the high wages were a product of the war and the restriction of immigration, that less than 2 percent of common and preferred stock ever found its way into the hands of the workingman, and that during the present depression the new capitalism has been just as bankrupt of constructive ideas as the old capitalism. Having disposed of our own half-hearted solutions, he then examines the Russian whole-hearted one. In this he recognizes the merits of planned production but finds that these have been purchased at an intolerable sacrifice of civil and religious liberty.

Yet planned production of some kind is an obvious necessity. How can it be obtained?

From this point on, Mr. Thomas calls his argument "Socialistic," but it departs widely from the traditional Socialism of the Marxian school. He does not accept, in the old manner, the economic interpretation of history, the necessity of class warfare, or the inevitability of a temporary dictatorship of the proletariat. Instead, he outlines a method whereby, as he believes, a gradual socialization of business, beginning with government ownership of key industries and accompanied by a gradual equalization of incomes, could be brought about successfully and peacefully. In essence it is a method with which we are already perfectly familiar, although we are prone to forget this, in the public ownership and management of roads, fire departments, and the post-office. The ultimate goal admittedly would be the abandonment of private ownership of all means of production and transportation, but this goal would not be sought until the successive steps toward it had justified themselves in practice. Whether this position is to be called "Socialism" is a rather unimportant question of definition. If

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the term be taken to mean the avowed policy of a definite political party, Mr. Thomas is manifestly in no position to prescribe that. If, on the other hand, it be taken more generally to mean simply a policy inspired by and devoted to the public interest, no reader of Mr. Thomas's book will deny him those high qualities. Even those most unconvinced of the wisdom of his proposed program will be entirely convinced of the sincerity and nobility of his aim.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Songs of Innocence

Our Lady's Choir: A Contemporary Anthology of Verse by Catholic Sisters; edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Incorporated. $2.50.

HERE really are songs of innocence, beautiful and various songs of innocence. When I stopped to reflect, after the third reading of them, I recalled three of the Beatitudes: "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land. Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God." These Beatitudes explain, I believe, the great paradox of innocence that is evidenced by these poems, the extraordinary insight that is the possession of innocence. By this I mean not only the insouciant innocence of childhood, such as Wordsworth celebrated in the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality"; but persevering, knowledgeful innocence; innocence that has known sorrow and the long endurances of fortitude, possibly even tragedy, and is kind. Written by women who experience poverty not as a mere passing accident, but as something which for the glory of God and the service of their fellow creatures they practise daily, these poems give us glimpses of heaven and the heaven on earth of which they have special intimations, and dwell with the clear, discerning wonderment of innocence on heavenly things. Practised, too, in meekness, the writers possess the land, the beauty of natural things, with that directness and completeness and friendliness that is a special faculty of innocence, that is like mystical penetration or imminence. As for the third Beatitude quoted, the amplification of it in the present instance is obvious, though the full implication is reserved for a few.

Beyond these perhaps eccentric reflections, the character and flavor of the book before us, as well as a suggestion of its place in larger affairs, could not be better presented than in the words of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram in a stimulating introduction. He says in part: "Is it too much to look on these gathered verses of Catholic nuns as one of the heartening testimonies to the preservation of essential things through the dark and the fog of the non-essential? This is not to say that it is all great poetry, or any of it, perhaps, of first quality. The authors themselves would not claim this. Some of it is naive and childlike, some hesitant and groping, some shot through with the fire of mystical inspiration and formed in delicate artistry. . . .

"During the dark ages that followed the fall of Rome, the monks of Saint Benedict preserved in their cloisters some of the shards of an old and perished culture. . . . When the dark ages gave place to the bright ages of mediaevalism, the guarded relics became operative, and, revitalized by new energy, restored the link with the past and gave aid in the building of a new world. I like to think of these cloistered ladies as in some sense playing today the part of the monks of ancient times, treasuring in one of the arts the precious heritage of old beauty and old truth. Poetry is not dead any more than any other art, though strange substitutes have been found, both here and there, and for a time have their day. These also pass, as do all things

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that are ugly and therefore false. The tradition is still preserved, as these Sisters treasure it, and in due time, after 'the drums and tramplings' of a lost and frightened and desperate society have died away, the spark, preserved and guarded, may light new fires to purge and to renew."

In behalf of the many who will "joy to hear" these songs, grateful acknowledgement should be extended to the anthologist for his inspiration and enterprise. THE COMMONWEAL has long recognized the remarkable quality of verse being written by the nuns and one may hope that these accomplishments are also harbingers.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Manners

The Perfect Hostess, by Rose Henniker Heaton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

LET US heave a heavy sigh for this light and pseudo-witty little volume, tossed off for us with alarming good nature by its British author, to guide us truly in our social endeavors. Yet Frank Crowninshield has said, in his introduction, that it is "that incredible thing, a new type of etiquette book." What really is incredible is that an American publisher could be found to offer these scant pages at the price of $2.50 to that portion of our great democracy delighting in etiquette books. Even that portion will yawn. Yet Frank Crowninshield says: "It is packed with needed information . . . all imparted . . . as light-hearted entertainment"—and Frank is an honorable man. Light-headed entertainment, perhaps. Distributed blithely amidst its menus and behavior for all occasions, are sketches by Alfred E. Taylor, and lamentable borrowed epigrams, and what Frank calls "vers de société" of various authors, "most of which," he says, "is of a high order of craftsmanship"—and Frank is an honorable man.

It is the sort of book that, by a certain type of Englishwoman, will indeed be classified as "ducky." Here, advice to the feeble-minded is given on what to feed your rich aunt as an inducement to bigger and better cheques, what to purvey to your husband's old flame, what soup to place before your "dear old Nannie," and what sweet will most tickle the palate of "Aunt Jane who has just come from the dentist's." Suitable edibles are also given for the Prime Minister, the Royal Academician, and the vicar when they come to dine—undoubtedly an invaluable aid to the average American hostess. Yet Frank C. says: "the fact that the book is of English origin and treats of society from an English point of view, gives it a refreshing flavor." And Frank is—?

Hints to the nit-wits include: "If matches are always disappearing in your house, try tying a box to the leg of each table." Menus are carefully given for the dogs your guests are likely to bring (let us rejoice in the simpler American social system which finds it better form to leave the dogs at home). A suitable breakfast for a British hostess to set before her American house-guests is followed by this moral: "Never try to make Americans or foreigners feel at home. Had they wished to feel at home, they would have remained in their own country. Be British." Yet F.C. says: "Every page shows evidence of tact and good breeding." And F.C. is—but *is* he?

One page alone redeems this otherwise useless effort, "A Poem of Prayer," composed by a young girl in domestic service. With its humble and lovely spiritual offering of menial service, it is strangely out of place in what our college girls might justly dub this "smarty-pants" book.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

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Briefer Mention

Mental Healers: Franz Mesmer, Mary Baker Eddy, Sigmund Freud, by Stefan Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

STEFAN ZWEIG is not only one of the most competent among modern Austrian writers, but likewise one of the most cosmopolitan of minds. This statement can be risked in all sincerity, though one immediately affixes the qualifying declaration that Zweig's is not an organic mind. It lacks allegiance to high conviction; its inability to foreswear rationalism is now and then sadly clear. In the present book, three brilliant studies of mental healing have been correlated. Franz Mesmer, experimenter with magnetism in a credulous and fanatical age, becomes a human being and a decidely interesting one. The essayist sifts his doctrine, revealing its lasting significance and its import to the eighteenth century. Quite as masterly is the paper dealing with Mrs. Eddy, who is seen as a woman clever enough to sense the value of mental healing but misled by her rudimentary cleverness into embedding a fine thing in a mass of lies and hocus-pocus. With the final paper on Freud there will be less agreement. Yet even this is, on the whole, discriminating and informative. Zweig is unable to appreciate the objections which experienced moralists have raised against Viennese psychoanalyism, but apart from that he sees much in the right way.

McAroni Medleys, by Thomas A. Daly. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

THOSE neat periodic verses that our sophisticated young poets turn out, here have their parallel, with a marked difference, that these are not bitter. They are witty without malice. They are not only amusing at the first draught but also the after-taste is pleasant. They are a splendid antidote to the wormwood and gall that is so generally dispensed nowadays in deceptive pink capsules of cheerfulness. Besides the poems, are ballads and canzoni that have the true happy swing of a light heart, the joyous identification of fair love and good living. There are a number of new Italian, and a few Irish, dialect verses, a genre for which Mr. Daly is justly famous. Lest the reader believe that this review is too partial, let Christopher Morley's comment on the jacket be quoted: "Here is the genuine tradition of Burns, Calverley and Dobson; of Holmes, Riley and Field." In short, Mr. Daly is a whole houseful of poets. Seeing his book, is believing.

The Double Heart, by Naomi Royde-Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

TO MANY the Anglo-Saxon present suggests the French pre-Revolution past. At any rate there exists considerable interest in personages, gay or melancholy, who graced the era which the guillotine clipped tragically short. Miss Royde-Smith has elected to retell the story of Julie de Lespinasse, and to intersperse this with portraits of divers famous gentlemen in their everyday clothes. It is a competently done book, in writing which the author stopped just short of that care which creates near-perfection and went beyond that restraint in the use of oversensuous words which characterizes the exemplary prose-writer. But the subject is of perennial interest to those who like the history of morals, and the treatment is decidedly better than average. Reproduction of prints, which have been selected without either recondite knowledge or bad taste, grace the volume.

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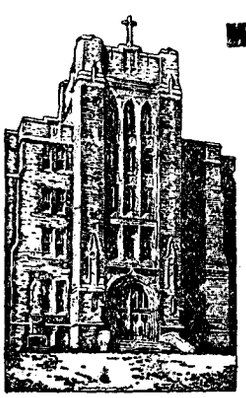

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Dialogues Curieux; Mémoires de l'Amérique septentrionale, by Baron de Lahontan; edited with an introduction by Gilbert Chinard. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $4.00.

DURING 1703 there was published in Holland a work destined to be widely read in its time, to be then forgotten rather completely, and now to be coveted as an interesting contribution to Americana and as a significant index to the mind that would foment the Revolution. Lahontan was an adventurer who did considerable exploring in remote parts of the New World, saw life in Canada from the point of view of a rebel, and then indulged a fondness for "emancipated ideas" which, expressed behind a veil, anticipated Rousseau and others. His narrative of life in America, though not always dependable, is savory with detail and a fairly good substitute for wit. Professor Chinard has written an explanatory, bibliographical and biographical introduction which can only add to his fine reputation for studiousness and discrimination. It is abundantly clear that he is a master of comparative American research. The volume as a whole is an excellent example of the French printer's art. Text and illustrations are handled with impeccable taste. It is scarcely necessary to add that the book is in the French language.

The Complete Book of the Great Musicians, by Percy A. Scholes and Will Earhart. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00.

THESE Oxford books—for there are three of them, now bound together—have demonstrated over a period of years their value to the teacher and their attractiveness for the pupil. It was a sound idea to issue them as a unit. Youngsters now have at their disposal a complete course in the appreciation and history of music. We recommend the book warmly.

Worterbuch zur Deutschen Literatur, by H. Röhl and A. Steiner. New York: Johnson Publishing Company. $2.00.

TEUBNER'S excellent little dictionary of German literature has now been issued in an edition designed especially for the United States. Professor Steiner had added notes concerning the leading Germanists resident in this country. The work as a whole is done with accuracy and satisfying completeness. It is also, needless to say, up to date.

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